

GETAWAY MONEY A New Novel by ELMER DAVIS

JAN 26,  
1935



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# FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES  
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Try these other famous whiskies: PAUL JONES, ANTIQUE,  
OLD OSCAR PEPPER, SHIPPING PORT.



## "I'll take the old things"

New things are important  
To progress, I'm told;  
But you take the new things,  
And I'll take the old.

Old houses with beams  
That are darkened with age.  
Old books with a dog-ear  
On 'most every page.

Old slippers whose wrinkles  
Are those of my feet.  
Old pipes that the years  
Have made mellow and sweet.

Old friends who know when  
To be silent, when gay,  
And who when they talk  
Have something to say.

Old Four Roses Whiskey —  
And by old, I mean *old* —  
With a rich-ripe aroma  
And a color like gold.

Not a whiskey like many  
Of those that I've seen,  
That are tasteless and flat,  
Or else fiery and green.

But a whiskey distilled  
In the old-fashioned way,  
By the methods they followed  
In grandfather's day.

Distilled from choice grain,  
And aged in the wood —  
Aged by Nature herself  
Till it's better than good.

Yes, you take the new things —  
The new liquor that's sold.  
I'll stick to Four Roses,  
A whiskey that's *old*.

★ ★ ★

Four Roses is a proud product of the old Frankfort Distilleries, a company that's been making fine whiskey for four generations. It's made the only way truly great whiskey can be made—by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method. Four Roses is a blend of *straight whiskies*, and comes sealed in the patented bootleg-proof Frankfort Pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

We'd like to send you a copy of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book"—\$100 worth of humor by a master writer. Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 454, Louisville, Ky.





# NOAH WEBSTER

*thought that COLDS were caused by COMETS*

Master scholar, compiler of the great dictionary, Webster was among the first to inquire into the baffling causes of that private and public menace—the common cold.

His conclusion that colds were due to the fearful plunge of meteors through the sky was far from the truth, but no less distant than that of other savants who assigned colds to the bite of bedbugs, and to “sitting in cold, damp churches.” (Dr. Thomas Haynes, 1789.)

For centuries, hundreds of absurd theories as to the cause of colds were advanced only to be sharply exploded. But now one has been presented that Science has generally accepted. This is the filtrable virus theory.

Research men say the bacteria of this virus are so small the microscope cannot see them, so tiny they cannot be trapped by the most selective filters. Only by their harmful effect on the human body can their existence be established. With

such a virus, scientists have repeatedly inoculated others with one person's cold.

## *At the first sign of a cold*

Granting that colds are due to a virus that enters the mouth, nose, and throat, is it not a wise precautionary measure to use a good antiseptic to fight such bacteria? Is it not wisdom to keep the oral cavity clean and healthy? Noted physicians tell us that it is. Millions of people find that it is.

Numerous tests have shown that regular users of Listerine did not catch as many colds as non-users nor were their colds so severe. Moreover, countless letters this company has received testify to Listerine's remarkable ability to check colds, and to the almost immediate relief it gives in cases of ordinary sore throat.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it dislodges germ-bearing debris and kills literally millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Yet it is absolutely safe—does not irritate delicate membranes. That is a point of utmost importance in an antiseptic. Excessive strength in a mouthwash may prove to be a danger instead of a protection.

If you spend most of your time indoors, start using Listerine every morning and every night. Figures show that indoor people catch four times as many colds as outdoor workers. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



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Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . .  
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*LISTERINE fights Colds and Sore Throat*

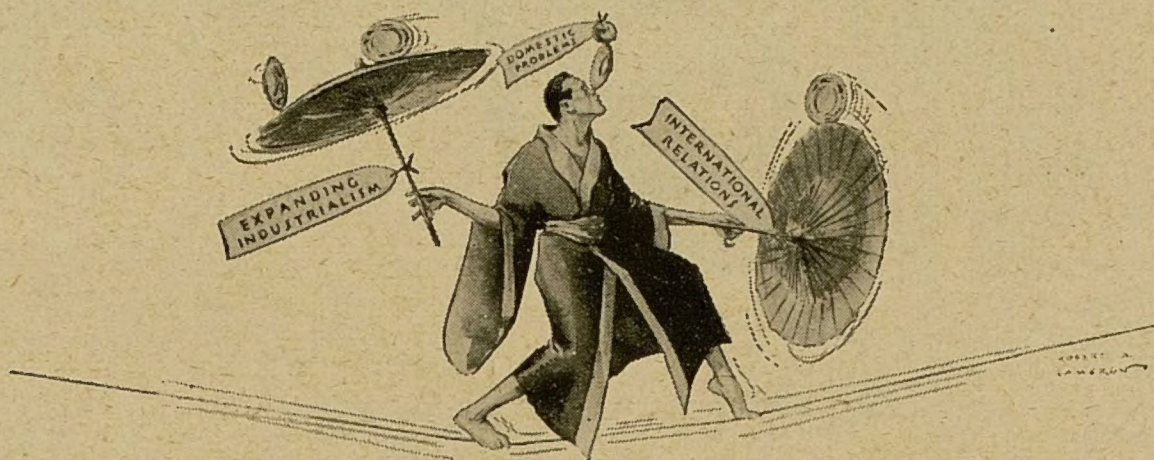


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## FORCING JAPAN INTO THE HELL OF ANOTHER WAR



**T**HE Japanese are a great and wonderful people. Ever since Commodore Perry landed in Japan, eighty-one years ago, the Japanese have to a large extent evolved their progressive ideals from an American pattern. And they have learned so much from us that the average Japanese citizen of former years acquired a high respect, almost a reverence, for this country.

But ever since that bluffing, blustering former Secretary of State Stimson made his many blunders, a bad feeling has gradually developed between this country and Japan.

Former Secretary Stimson's bull-baiting methods alienated every intelligent American. He issued mandates to the Japanese people in the Shanghai and Manchurian situations which he should have known would be ignored, and he also knew that he had no intention of enforcing his "bluff." He may have been our official representative at that time but he was not acting in accordance with the wishes of intelligent American citizens.

The progress of the Japanese toward what we often term higher civilization has been extraordinary, and we should be proud of them; for to a certain extent we have been their teachers. They have followed our example, minus crooked politicians, highbinders, and racketeers.

But Japanese commercial advancement, her extraordinary ingenuity in the manufacturing industry, has made her a dangerous competitor. She is rapidly extending her foreign trade to every phase of the manufacturing industry. She is competing with England and all other foreign countries, and is adding one victory after another in the extension of her exporting interests. The time is not far distant when Japan will probably be the biggest factor in world trade unless something happens to interfere with her progress.

Japan has advantages which place her in a comparatively safe position. Her wage scale is far below that of England and all other competing countries. The price of labor controls the cost of every article of merchandise, and when Japan can sell an article in a foreign country, pay the duty, and still make a liberal profit, other coun-

tries where wages are higher are unable to meet this competition.

And least of all *we* should not worry. Our wage limit has been lifted to such an extent that foreign trade is entirely out of our reach. There is no possible chance for us to secure any business where we have to compete with foreign manufacturers.

Although it could be added, here is an opportunity for us to use the relief dole profitably. Workers on the dole could be allowed to manufacture goods solely for foreign consumption. The manufactured products could be placed in bond until shipped, to insure their not being sold in this country. Such a procedure would put a few millions of the unemployed to work, and prison labor could also be included.

What is especially desired by some of the leading foreign nations at this time is a Japanese war with some country that would cripple her in this field of business activity. And naturally, the commercial leaders in these countries would like the United States to take over the job. They would like to make us the "goat."

Foreign diplomats have tried to blame the United States for the numerous difficulties which have harassed Japan in the League of Nations and elsewhere. But aside from Stimson's blundering and our immigration restrictions there has been no real cause for Japan's resentment.

Japan has made a good start toward ruling the Far East. She has brought order out of chaos in Shanghai and Manchuria (Manchukuo). People can now live safely under civilized conditions in these countries. Wherever Japan's power is extended similar improvements are effected, and she should be applauded and commended for the progressive spirit which her officials have manifested.

And if we are stampeded into this chasm of bloody warfare merely to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for European manufacturing interests, we are just plain d— fools, although names that are far more severe could be fittingly used if we fail to prepare "up to the hilt" for this menacing possibility.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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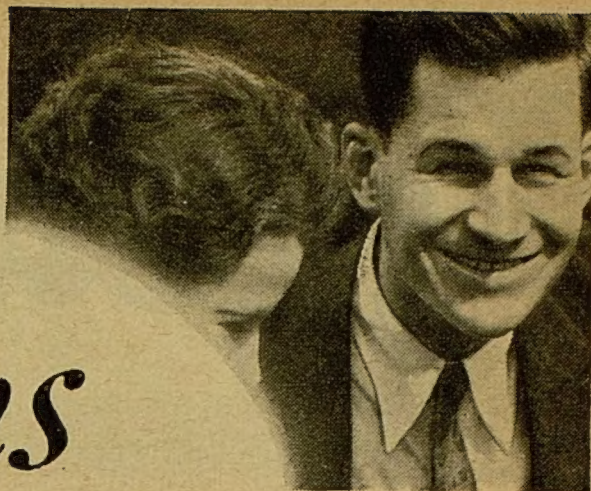




**"RELIEVED IN 3 DAYS!"**

South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me in 3 days!"

**"IT'S WONDERFUL!"** . . . Peggy Pool, Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!



**"ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"**

Norwood, Pa. David Evans says: "I developed indigestion. This XR Yeast acted in 72 hours."

# 3 Millions already eating new "XR" Yeast...!



**"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"**

Elizabeth, N. J. Brewster S. Beach writes: "I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion soon disappeared."

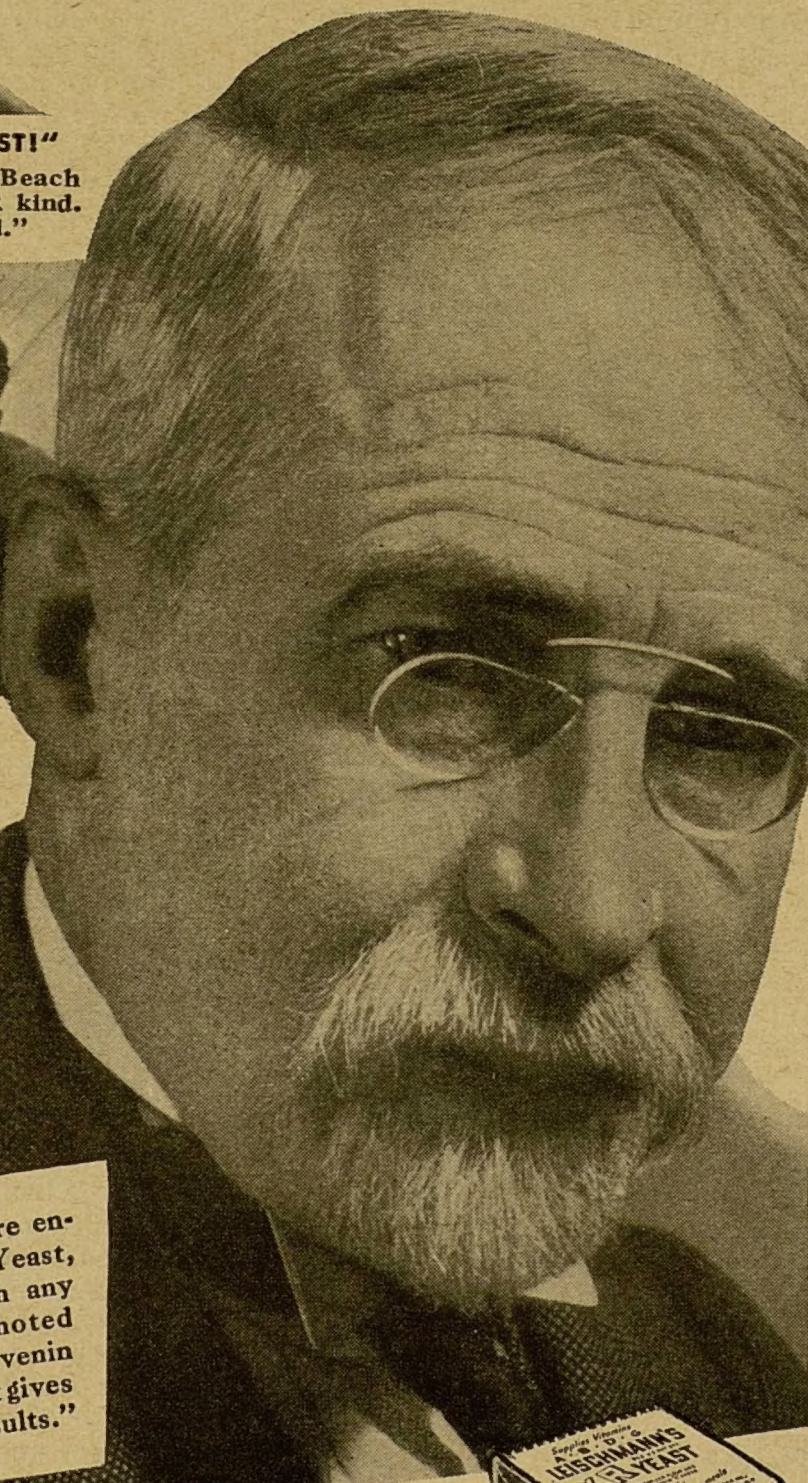


**"PIMPLES LEFT IN A HURRY!"**

Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! In a short time after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"



**DOCTORS—CLINICS** are enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says "XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."



**"NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES"**

Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion in just a few days! Headaches left."



**"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"**

Cable, Wis. Marguerite Bro, a writer, says: "I lost appetite, felt drowsy, miserable. Tried laxatives. Finally, I tried XR Yeast. Have only praise for it!"

**EVERYWHERE . . .** people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger *kind* of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast.

Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy—feel much better.

In addition, it supplies Vitamin 'A that combats colds! And it's very rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins you need to be healthy!

Eat 3 cakes daily. Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain—now!



**FLEISCHMANN'S**

**"XR" YEAST...acts quicker**



# Getaway

by

E L M E R  
D A V I S

**Beginning a Sparkling Novel of Things  
as They Are in 1935—The Lively Adven-  
tures of a Once-Rich Girl in Search of a  
Still-Rich Husband**

# Money

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

## PART ONE — A KISS FOR PRACTISE

**Y**OU can meet anybody in Miami; but the way they look in Miami doesn't tell you what they are back home. The man with the amber sun glasses thought that Mildred Burgee, sauntering across the terrace around the outdoor swimming pool of the Minaret Hotel, looked like a million dollars. She'd always looked like a million dollars—and she had it; that, probably, was what was the matter with her. (At least her people had had it; they must have it still or she wouldn't be staying at the Minaret, at twenty dollars a day without meals.)

The four years since he had seen her had changed her less than you would expect of the years between seventeen and twenty-one; her body was more rounded, her face more mature, but even at seventeen she had had—sometimes—a precocious dignity. You knew she was a lady even before you learned that she was one of the Burgees of the Blue Grass; she looked as if she would wear a skirt with her bathing suit, and stockings.

Now, with nothing on but a scarf and shorts, bright yellow against her golden-brown skin, she still had that gravely wistful dignity. As she came toward him the sun felt suddenly warmer on his bare shoulders, the flowers were more fragrant in the garden below; he was almost painfully aware of the slow beat of surf, the harsh rustle of wind-tossed palms. So her nearness had always intensified everything. He almost spoke to her, though he'd promised himself that he'd never speak to her again.

But before he could rise she passed by, ignoring him. Of course—the sun glasses screened his face, and she'd never seen him in bathing trunks. Still, he felt himself flushing—a pink glow tinting the white skin that marked him as a newcomer from the North. He was ashamed of that pallor among these sun-browned torsos; he wished he looked like the men who could afford to spend the whole winter playing around at Miami—the sort of men she knew and played around with. Then, behind him, he heard her voice.

"Oh, hello! I was looking for you out in the surf."

He couldn't help turning to see whom she was greeting with that easy intimacy; and when he saw, he was grateful for the glasses that hid his eyes. A man with iron-gray hair combed back from his forehead, and a flat muscular body bronzed like a South Sea Islander's. What the devil was she doing with Clifford Speke? The Burgees used to be more particular about the company they kept. But maybe she didn't know.

"And when you didn't find me," Speke was saying, "I suppose you swam out a couple of miles, alone. I know you're a wonderful swimmer—"

"But I shouldn't go out too far for you to follow me?"  
Even through amber glasses you could see—or perhaps

you only remembered—the derisive challenge of her eyes. But the softening of her voice conceded Speke some right to worry about her. Speke shrugged.

"To go out alone, where you might meet a barracuda, just because you can— You've got a queer sense of values, Mildred." She laughed.

"That's a habit among the Burgees. As for me in particular— There was a big Swede named Johnson who used to teach us economics at school; he told me once that I'd never know what a value was. But then he thought he was in love with me, and I'm afraid I didn't take him seriously. So—"

"Are you taking me seriously this morning?" asked Clifford Speke.

She gasped and glanced about in crimson embarrassment. But the man with the amber glasses was walking away, having heard enough of this conversation. He was the big Swede named Johnson, and he had hoped he was a more romantic memory than that to the girl who had almost ruined him.

Dressing in the locker room, he told himself that her doings were no concern of his; her mother, her uncle, would investigate any man in whom she was interested— But perhaps they knew about Speke and could do nothing. Mildred, at twenty-one, would have come into her own money, and could defy her family for a man she wanted. He couldn't believe she'd want Speke if she knew; but you never could tell. Once even he had hoped—

He grinned sourly at his reflection in the mirror. Roughhewn and serious, Norman Johnson didn't look as if he had ever taught in a girls' finishing school. But four years ago he had needed a job till he got the Ph.D. that would qualify him for university teaching, and he had found it at Tantamount Hall. Also, he had found Mildred Burgee. Her gravely wistful eyes put him at his ease, though he was shy and awkward with school-girls; when she talked to him he felt like the only man on earth; and when those eyes brightened with what he didn't recognize then as derisive challenge, he simply had to kiss her—and she kissed him back.

Attempted seduction, the head mistress called it. Even she, when she walked into that love scene in Norman's office, might have realized that you wouldn't attempt seduction with the door open; but it was a perfect excuse for dismissing a big Swede whose father had been a street-car motorman, without having to expel the late Senator Burgee's granddaughter.

But what really mattered was the way the Burgees behaved—Mildred and her mother, when he saw them afterward in New York, where they were spending a week-end. Mrs. Burgee assured him that she didn't take it seriously; and when she found that he did, that he actually hoped to marry Mildred as soon as she was a





"HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME, AND I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY."

little older— She didn't accuse him in so many words of having his eye on Mildred's money, but what she thought was all too plain; and she made it clear that he wasn't the type the Burgees married.

"It's probably old-fashioned of us," she sighed, "but we think a great deal of family. Some one of good blood—from Kentucky or Virginia—"

And then, when he talked to Mildred. She was bright-eyed, lightly casual—not the girl who had kissed him; somebody he didn't know at all.

"Sorry I got you into this," she said. "I told the head mistress it was all my fault, but she clung to her fixed idea. Attempted seduction! That's rather a joke."

"Not to some people," he said dryly. "When the col-



leges where I've tried to get a job for next fall discover why I lost my last job—"

"Good heavens, Norman! I never dreamed—"

"Oh, that's all right," he said, with more confidence than he felt. "I'll get some sort of job, and then I can ask you to marry me—"

"What?" she gasped. "Don't be silly."

"Silly? You know I'm crazy about you! And you—you acted as if—"

"Did I?" she said serenely. "Well, one must keep in practise."

He stared at her.

"I see," he said. "Of course you took the blame; you couldn't endure being suspected of falling for a man like me. But that day when you came to my office to ask me something about the theory of value—when I kissed you because you looked as if you'd like it, and you kissed me as if you did—was that just keeping in practise too?" She reddened.

"Well, that— A book I read once said that that sort of thing is only an electrochemical disturbance. You called my bluff very neatly; but I didn't suppose you'd be taking it seriously still." He laughed.

"After you made me fall in love with you—to keep in practise—and it cost me my job and any hope of getting another in the work I'm trained for, you didn't suppose

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
EDGAR MCGRAW

What was she doing with Clifford Speke? The Burgees used to be more particular.

I'd still take it seriously. Don't worry about the theory of value, Mildred. You'll never know what a value is."

"Norman—" She was contrite now. "I'm afraid I'm terribly irresponsible. I never dreamed you really meant it, and I didn't know what it was going to cost you. Look. If you're in a jam I could help you out—"

"Are you offering me money?" he asked incredulously.

"WELL, you're out of a job, and it's all my fault; and you live in Minnesota— If you need it, I don't see why I shouldn't lend you what Uncle Pink calls getaway money."

His eyes were murky now.

"No," he said, "you wouldn't see that. Maybe I take too many things seriously, but you Burgees don't take anything seriously except money. You think that will square anything. Values! Ye gods!"

He slapped her across the mouth and walked out and thought that was all—except that he'd never forget how

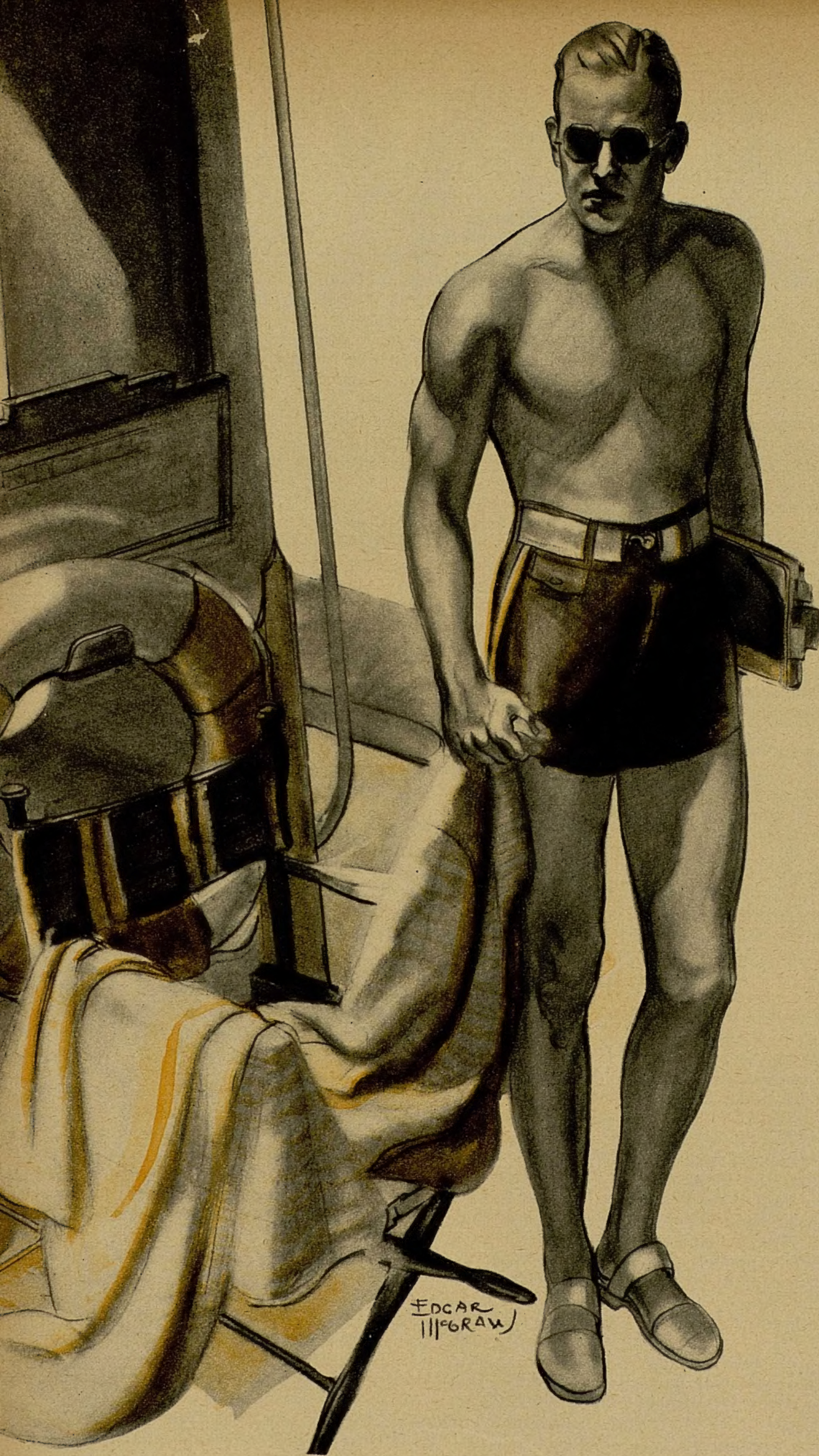
she looked—her fingers pressed to her stinging lips, her eyes hot with rage and humiliation. But the next day, in his rooming house, he was called to the telephone.

"Mr. Johnson?" asked a wheezy voice. Norman admitted it. "This is Pinckney Burgee," the voice explained. "Mildred's uncle."

"Oh, it is!" Norman had heard her speak of Uncle Pink, the family's black sheep—a race-track gambler, and apparently not a very good one at that. But the head mistress had spoken of him too, suggesting that he would look for Norman with a horsewhip; the Burgees,







dangling; looking at Speke as if he were the only man on earth. Maybe she was only keeping in practise, but if she weren't— He couldn't believe she knew; and if she didn't, somebody ought to do something about it.

Somebody, but not Norman Johnson. He stood for an instant in the sunlight, forgetting everything in a purely physical content. This was why people came to Florida. And then sunlight and salt wind and rejuvenating water, the scent of flowers and the rustle of palms were not enough; men had to build themselves gaudy palaces, and show everybody that they could afford to spend money. Of course she'd be here. He went on into the cool dimness of the lobby, paused at the desk.

"Key to 1207, please. Senator Medwick hasn't come down yet?"

"Not yet, Dr. Johnson. We've stopped all telephone calls for him; but there are some reporters over there waiting to see him."

"I'll see the reporters," said Norman absently. "By the way, you have a Mrs. Hal Burgee here, from Kentucky?"

The clerk shook his head.

"No Mrs. Burgee. Miss Burgee—but she's with Mrs. Eier of New York."

BEFORE Norman could ask more the reporters had come up. Would Senator Medwick have anything to say about the Funding Bill?

"He won't have anything to say about anything," Norman told them. "The doctor ordered him down here for a complete rest."

"Well, about his health—" said somebody. "We don't want to send out any scare stories, but a man of his importance wouldn't leave Washington at the busiest time of the session unless he was in pretty bad shape."

"Only a bad cold and overwork," Norman assured them. "But he's sixty-two and he's got to take care of himself." He turned back to the clerk. "I'll be in the suite till lunch time. I'll take all messages for the Senator—even if it's a call from the White House."

In fact, he reflected, especially if it were from the White House. . . .

Mildred sat on the edge of the pool, her dark eyes studying Speke.

"No, Cliff, I'm not taking you too seriously this morning. For that matter, I didn't last night." He grinned, and she reddened.

"Maybe I acted as if I did," she

admitted. "But in the Florida moonlight, with the wind rustling the palms— A book I read once said that sort of thing is only an electrochemical disturbance; so don't feel that you have to play up to it by daylight."

He laughed a little.

"You kids think you have to be hard-boiled, don't you?"

"I'm not a kid! And if I'm hard-boiled, I didn't do the boiling."

"Mildred, you're exquisite. Even by daylight I love you."

she said, were jealous of the honor of their women. "Well, if you want to horsewhip me, I'll meet you in Central Park and see if you're man enough to do it."

"Horsewhip you? Nonsense. But—er—your relations with our family—"

"To hell with your family!" said Norman Johnson. "I hope I'll never see any of you again!"

But four years later, emerging from the bathhouse into the palm garden, he couldn't help glancing back across the terrace. Yes, there she was—seated beside Speke at the edge of the pool, her sun-tanned legs



"So what?" she asked, annoyed at the tremor in her voice.

"I'm nearly forty," he said. "I was married once; it didn't work—"

"So you're determined to cling to your freedom after that sad experience? Sorry," she said, "but I've heard that line."

"I did feel that way," he admitted. "But since I've known you—"

"You don't—and I don't know you." (He looked all right—athletic-club type rather than university-club, but she was at home with either. But—) "A little love-making in the moonlight is one thing," she said. "But I've met you only four times, and about all I know about you is that you spend a lot of time at the races, and dance beautifully, and make love as if you'd had plenty of practise. I don't even know what you do—"

"I'm not doing anything just now. I was a broker in Twin City, but the firm failed. I managed to save something out of the wreck—" (Evidently, since he was living at the Minaret.) "But I'm waiting till things settle down before I go into anything else. So that's that. Do I pass?"

"That's not what I meant. I don't know how your mind works—"

"If it was working at all I wouldn't be arguing with you in this crowd when I want you in my arms. After all, Mildred, that's what people get married for, even if you like to call it an electrochemical disturbance."

"I don't like to call it that, but that's what it is—especially in Florida. That's all right," she said. "You've got to have that to start you off, and if you've got the other things too, it's swell. But—"

"You talk like a banker. Haven't you ever been in love?"

"Oh—I've thought I was. But I always get over it."

"You might not get over it if you'd—do something about it." She couldn't meet his eyes; her heart was pounding. This was going much too fast—Or was it? "Let's have a drink," he said, "and then—"

"I can't, Cliff. I've got to get dressed and do some things for Penelope." She wondered if she was grateful for that excuse. "Mrs. Eier. You've met her."

"Oh, yes. The tall blonde with buck teeth. But why—"

"She's very nice," said Mildred reproachfully. "It's a pity; beauty salons can fix your face and hair and figure, but at her age there isn't much to be done about buck teeth. Anyway, I've got to go across the bay and do some errands for her. I must remember to see Senator Medwick too—he just got in—and see if he'll make a statement for her peace movement."

"Peace movement? What on earth—"

"Oh, it's what Penelope does. Her husband died two years ago and left her with a lot of time and money on her hands—real money, even now. She's Eier Food Products, you know." (Eier Food Products! He'd thought the woman was Mildred's companion.) "And she couldn't find anything better to do than advocating peace," Mildred pursued. "I don't suppose it helps peace much, but it gives her something to think about."

"But—Just who is Penelope? Your aunt?"

"NO relation. Really I'm her secretary, but she prefers not to say so. You see, the Burgees used to be somebody, and I think she's trying to spare my feelings. Not that she needs to; but she's a swell person."

"But—surely you're not exactly a secretary, are you?"

"Well, I don't have to do much work—and I don't get any salary. But she pays my hotel bills, and our suite at the Minaret is more comfortable than the working-girls' home where I lived before I got this job. I've simply got to go, Cliff. And about—about what we were talking about—"

"You're probably right," he agreed moodily. "We don't know much about each other. You're staying a week or two longer, aren't you?"

"Of course. Nobody's leaving until after Easter this year. That ought to give us time to get acquainted—with the start we got last night."

Her smile was a promise—and a spark, igniting emotions he hadn't counted on. He beckoned to a waiter. Secretary? What had become of the Burgee fortune? Her clothes were as costly as Mrs. Eier's, and in better taste; but maybe Mrs. Eier paid for them too. And a working-girls' home—

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, coming up. Then: "What did you say, sir?"

"I said," observed Clifford Speke, his eyes following Mildred down the steps toward the locker room, "that you can meet anybody in Miami; but the way they look in Miami doesn't tell you what they are back home. Bring me a straight rye; I need it."

By now the terrace was crowded—brief bathing suits and bright pyjamas; brown bodies, wet and glistening; gay-striped awnings against white stucco, with feathery palms above; bottles and glasses, laughter and talk. Speke fitted perfectly into the picture—the lean bronzed body and suavely assured face of a man of the world. But inwardly he was laughing, without much mirth.

WHAT he had saved from the wreck in that one safe-deposit box that had escaped the receiver had looked like enough to keep him in Miami this winter, even at the Minaret, and still give him a fresh start whenever the stock market got over its paralysis. But gradually the horrid suspicion had come over him that there would never be any more crazy stock booms of the kind that had made him rich in the '20s; and Miami came high. He'd had bad luck at the races, bad luck at roulette; and the town was full of women who were willing to help an unattached man spend his money. And then he had met Mildred. After the women he'd been playing around with, he could appreciate her youth and freshness—and she was the last of the Burgees.

He'd never meant to marry again; but last night, when she responded to his casual love-making with unexpected ardor—If he married the Burgee fortune, he needn't care whether there was ever another stock boom or not. But there wasn't any Burgee fortune. Well, he hadn't exactly asked her; and she certainly hadn't said yes. He wasn't committed, but—

He looked up gloomily and saw a woman coming up the steps from the locker room—a tall blonde with buck teeth and a face in which strained eagerness blended with insecurity. Speke knew that expression—the brand of the middle-aged woman with more money than she knows how to enjoy, with nothing but money to fall back on when youth is gone. All the same, she had a really excellent figure; not many women of her age could have got away with such a scanty bathing suit. He rose hastily, went to meet her.

"Mrs. Eier, I was just about to have another drink. Won't you join me?"

She looked as if it was a long time since a man had asked her to have a drink unless she paid for it. But she downed it with avidity, and didn't object when he ordered another.

"I've really felt I ought to know you better," she ventured with a toothy smile. "You're such a friend of Mildred's, and I feel like her elder sister. You see, she has no one of her own, except a worthless uncle; and she's only twenty-one; and she's so helpful in my work for peace—"

"How did you two ever happen to team up for peace, Mrs. Eier?"

"Call me Penelope, if we're going to be friends. Why, it was really pitiful. Mildred's mother was a widow, and some investment counselor persuaded her to put all her money into Insull stocks. When Insull failed, her heart failed too. So Mildred took a course in stenography and came to New York; but she hadn't been able to find work when I met her on the street one day—she'd been a friend of my niece at school. As it happened, I was going to Miami, and when I heard her story I said, 'Mildred darling, I'll give you something to do. Not just a job; it's a cause.'"

"I gathered it wasn't just a job," Speke observed. "The clothes she wears—"

"Well, you see, she had a few hundred put aside for an emergency; and she said she couldn't imagine a greater



emergency in a young girl's life than a winter in Miami, where you might meet anybody. Perhaps I'm being indiscreet—these cocktails are awfully strong. I wouldn't tell you this except that I know she likes you, and I've gathered that you like her—"

"Yes, I'm very fond of her." Speke sighed. "But she's twenty-one and I'm past forty. I doubt if I could be seriously interested in anybody but a mature woman who's been ripened by experience. What about another drink, Penelope? Then we can have lunch here on the terrace."

In the Senate Office Building in Washington, about that time, a newspaperman was calling on Charlie Collins. Mr. Collins was secretary to United States Senator Roscoe Medwick, and never think he led a life of ease while his chief was in Miami. Just as many constituents as ever came in, wanting post offices, or pensions, or tickets to something going on in Washington, or a million dollars from the PWA; and, great or small, he had to send them away feeling that everything humanly possible was being done for them.

"Well, Charles," said the reporter, "what do you know?"

"Not a thing, Dick—except that the Senator got to Miami O. K."

"Charlie, just how sick is he? To go away at a time like this—"

"He's got to take care of himself, Dick. He can't shake off that cold; he's got no resistance. Especially since his wife died last year, he's been all broken up."

The reporter, who had once spent a week in Miami, thought it was an easy place to forget your wife, dead or alive, but he didn't say so.

"Well, they're quite upset at the White House," he observed. "They'd counted on the Senator to get the Funding Bill out of committee this week."

"If they want to get that bill out of committee," said Charlie Collins, "they know they've only got to put a White House 'must' on it."

"Yes, but there can't be too many White House musts. I know they were hoping he'd get the bill out under his own power. His vote could do it. Any idea how he felt about it before he left?"

"Dick, I honestly think he hadn't made up his mind. There's a lot to be said on both sides. The administration wants it, but a lot of people are against it, in our state especially. Not that that would influence him—"

"I know," the reporter agreed. "If some of our statesmen hopped off to Florida at a time like this, people would say they were afraid to stand up and be counted. But Medwick has never run away from anything yet."

"WELL, I know Johnson took a lot of books down to Miami; the Senator asked him to get up a report on the economic background of the question. He may decide on that. He's got a lot of faith in Johnson."

"He'd better have. If he puts this bill over, the administration will back him next fall and he'll be reelected. If he kills it, the administration will fight him, and he might lose his seat. But if he were reelected in spite of the administration—he might be the next President."

"He's always supported the administration," said Charlie Collins.

"Yes—and gosh, how he's hated it sometimes! If this Funding Bill turned out to be the last straw—The smart conservatives know they've got to be moderate next time, not reactionary. Medwick's just the man they need; if he beats the Funding Bill and keeps his seat they've got to line up behind him. But if he tries it and gets licked, he's through. If I had a decision like that to make, I'd be damned grateful to a doctor who told me to go down to Miami and think it over under the palm trees."

"Uh," said Charlie Collins. "He's down there for his health, Dick."

So what do I know now? mused the reporter, depart-

ing. Just what I knew before. Medwick could play it safe and be sure of six years more in the Senate; but once a man gets his eye on the White House—It's a break for Johnson; he gets a trip to Miami. But God help him if he guesses wrong.

Mildred, her errands finished, was strolling down Flagler Street when she saw coming toward her the one man in Miami she'd have preferred to avoid. Not that Mr. Pinckney Burgee looked like anybody's black sheep. Pink face, white hair, close-clipped white mustache enhanced his native dignity. His white-linen suit was crisp, his Panama hat had distinction, the aroma of his cigar suggested club rooms where men of affairs relaxed after deciding the destiny of the nation. He's an old dear, thought Mildred, even if you couldn't call him constructive. I might have known he'd be wherever the horses were running; I ought to have seen him sooner if I were going to see him at all.

BUT no use evading it now. As she greeted him, gave him her hands, his watery blue eyes bulged wide.

"What the dickens are you doing here?" he demanded. "Last I heard of you, you were trying to get a job in New York. How long have you been here? A month! Why didn't you look me up? Where are you staying?"

"Over on the beach, at the Minaret." She laughed at his amazement. "I'll tell you all about it, Uncle Pink—but not on the street. Don't you think a true Southern gentleman would buy me a drink?"

"I'll buy you a bottle of beer. Florida's still dry for everything else, so this winter they're unloading what they couldn't sell during prohibition. I wouldn't drink the stuff. What? You don't like beer? I've got some excellent Bourbon in my room at the Ponce de Leon," he ruminated. "But I don't like to ask you up there; it might give rise to comment."

"Not in a dry state. Everybody would assume it was for a drink."

He eyed her dubiously; she knew more than a woman of the Burgees had any business knowing at twenty-one. In his room she took her Bourbon straight, and appreciated it. Yes, the child was certainly grown up.

"How's everything, Uncle Pink? Been having luck with the horses?"

"I did quite well at Hialeah, but don't call it luck. The trained judgment—Haven't done so well at the Tropical Park meeting, but the tide will turn any day. But never mind me. What about you?"

"Oh, I've got a swell job." She told him about the job and Mrs. Eier.

"She pays all your expenses at the Minaret? Good God, she could hire half a dozen secretaries for that! That's not a job; it's—charity."

"It's not! Call it a grubstake for a lone prospector."

"What are you prospecting for? You mean," he wheezed, "you came down here to—to hunt a husband?"

She faced him defiantly.

"Well, why not? It's no more than women have always done when they had to, only in your day they didn't talk about it. I couldn't get a job in New York; nobody wanted a girl with no experience when competent secretaries were still out of work. If I'd had a college degree—But mother sent me to Tantamount Hall—a nice old-fashioned finishing school for old-fashioned ladies, the kind that went out in 1914. Just the place for a Burgee; but a hell of a place, if you ask me, for a girl who was going to have to earn her living."

He frowned.

"You needn't swear about it, Mildred. Nobody ever expected—"

"I know. When grandfather cut you off with a trust-fund income of two hundred a month, he never dreamed that some day you'd be the richest of the Burgees. But I, with only a few hundred left after mother's funeral—"



ELMER DAVIS

*was born in the cradle of writers—Indiana. He survived the distinction of being a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and got the real groundwork for his delightful fiction working as a newspaperman in New York City.*



"I offered you a home," said Uncle Pinckney with dignity.

"Where? In a Pullman berth, moving from track to track? It was sporting of you, Uncle Pink; but even if you had a home, two people can't live on two hundred a month—not when one of them is you and the other one is me."

He bristled.

"I manage to make an adequate living out of the races, Mildred."

"Adequate for one. It isn't chic for Southern girls to be poor any more; you can't blame it on the war after seventy years. Besides, I want to earn my way—and there's one job they do teach you at Tantamount Hall—to be a housekeeper, a hostess, a wife. I'd be really valuable to a man who amounts to something; and this winter, now that people can afford to travel again, Miami's the place to find the kind of man who needs a wife like me. So I invested my money in Florida clothes—"

"And you've found him? Better let me look him over and see—"

"I have—some prospects," she evaded. "But I won't let you look anybody over. You'd want to know who their people were—"

"You seem to want a rather special kind of man," he said dryly. "A man who amounts to something. Think you know enough to pick him out?"

"Certainly I do! Good heavens, Uncle Pink, I've been around! I really believe I know more about—about life than you do. And, after all, I'm only following your example."

"Mine?" he exploded. "God forbid!"

"Yes, yours! You're the only man I know who's got everything he wants. It isn't much—good liquor and a chance to bet on horses; but you got yourself thrown out of the family because you wouldn't let them make you do anything else. Well, I know what I want—a job I can do well—"

"So you deliberately put yourself up for sale!" he accused her.

"I put myself up for sale as a secretary and nobody wanted me. Now I'm offering something really valuable—myself as a hostess, a partner—"

"As a woman! To marry for—for a job a man you don't love—"

"I certainly wouldn't marry a man I didn't like; and if I like him, and like it when he makes love to me"—(As I certainly did last night, she reflected.)—"that's about all there is to love, except imagination."

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "Of all the cold-blooded—Mildred, this simply isn't the sort of thing the Burgees do."

"OH, damn the Burgees! Uncle Pink, the Burgees are out. We were a good family once; we still looked good as long as we had money. But now what are we? You and I—the last of the Burgees—a couple of moth-eaten ex-aristocrats; down here in Miami, both of us, to make a living out of the winter visitors." He looked almost apoplectic, but she went on: "All this ranting about what's done and what isn't done! We could afford that in 1880—even up to 1929. Maybe you can afford it still; but I haven't any trust-fund income to back me up. I've got to get down to realities!"

"And you do it at the Minaret on another woman's money! Mildred, you're a fool. Some of the traditions of our family may be out of date," Uncle Pinckney conceded reluctantly, "but we've both got habits of thinking, habits of reaction, that we won't get over as long as we live. There are things you'll find you can't do, any more than I could cheat at cards. And one thing about the Burgees—they've never been cold-blooded."

"Oh, they're not? You've never cared much about women because you were afraid of being tied down. And I—Maybe I'm not cold-blooded," she admitted, flushing, "but I'm cold-headed. I've thought I was in love, and always got over it. But if I married for a job I'd take care not to—"

"Yes, you always got over it—and look at the hell you raised while you were doing it! That fellow who lost his

job at your school on account of you— And he wasn't the only one, either. Mildred, you're fooling with dynamite! Even if you don't care about tradition, you might at least have some sense—"

The insistent ringing of the telephone bell interrupted him.

"This is the manager's office," came a voice over the wire. "Sorry, Mr. Burgee, but you'll have to get that woman out of your room. The people on both sides of you are complaining about your quarreling."

He hung up with a grunt of disgust, and told her about it.

"Put me out!" she gasped. "But didn't you tell them I'm your niece?"

"And you think that you know more about life than I do! Mildred, if you'll make your home with me we—we'll see what can be done about your future. But if you stay at the Minaret I—I wash my hands of you!"

SHE only laughed at that menace; but in the taxi that took her back to the beach she felt rather ashamed of herself. Poor old Uncle Pink, living in the past with his outworn ideas! If she'd only said she was in love with Cliff—and that was what Uncle Pink would call it—he'd have felt so much better. And she'd have thought she was in love with Cliff if she'd been a little more cold-blooded. Last night— But you might feel that way when anybody you liked made love to you under the Florida moon.

Still, Cliff was the sort of man she wanted to marry—and the only man who wanted to marry her. You could meet anybody in Miami—except marriageable men. Life guards and bell boys; old men, middle-aged men with their wives and children; hard-boiled bachelors clinging to their freedom—

Three or four men had tried to make love to her; but for a girl who was looking for a job, Cliff was the only prospect.

And if she didn't take him—

One taunt of Uncle Pink's had rankled—she was getting down to realities—at the Minaret on another woman's money. Penelope must spend two hundred a week on her, and didn't give her twenty dollars' worth of work to do. Next month Penelope was going on a cruise. No doubt she'd see that Mildred wasn't left at a loose end; she'd give her a salary in New York and a little work to justify it; but that would be, all too plainly, charity. Penelope knew what she wanted in Miami, and had grubstaked her; but if she failed, she couldn't decently lean on Penelope any longer.

What then? She might get a job—and might not. Her Florida clothes would be useless in a Northern spring; and she had just about enough money left for cigarettes and bathhouse tips for her last two weeks in Miami. She'd come down to find a job and she couldn't afford to go away without it.

Cliff wanted to marry her. There was no reason why she shouldn't—

It was after one now; he'd have gone to lunch, and then be off to the races. But after their talk this morning he'd certainly want her to dine with him tonight. She'd better say yes then, and stop fidgeting about it. The taxi stopped at the Minaret. She ran lightly up the steps and came up to the desk, her eyes bright with resolution and hope.

"Can you ask Senator Medwick if he'll see me?" she asked the clerk. "It's for Mrs. Eier—about the cause of peace."

"He hasn't been seeing anybody, Miss Burgee. But he may be down for lunch; you might ask Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson? The Brain Truster that came down from Washington with the Senator. Over there in the lounge."

And so, after that little schoolroom kiss and the cold slap in the face, Mildred was again to meet her "big Swede." What will Norman Johnson say? And what will Mildred do? She needs a husband, and Speke seems headed for Mrs. Eier in a big way. Next week's installment brings a big surprise for all parties concerned.





Today it seems much easier to scare people with the Moscow boa constrictor than with the hell hounds of plutocracy.

# The Red Bugaboo

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In Liberty last week the question, "Can the Reds Destroy Us?" was answered affirmatively, with the utmost earnestness and vehemence, by Mr. Matthew Woll, third vice president of the American Federation of Labor. He warned his countrymen that in his belief the Reds not only can destroy American institutions but are already in a fair way to do it, either by bringing about a Red revolution, with annexation of the United States "to a world hegemony under the dictatorship of Moscow," or by driving Americans to resort at the last moment to "goose-stepping" under a Fascist dictatorship.

In accordance with its policy of giving a hearing to both sides of any important public question, Liberty now presents the very different answer of Mr. Mencken—reminding its readers that his views are, as always, his own, and that it does not necessarily agree with him.

**I**N all democratic countries the art of the politician is divided into two halves. The first half consists in finding a bugaboo to scare the people; the second consists in rushing up with loud yells to put it down.

This bugaboo, on favorable occasions, may have a certain flavor of reality in it, just as a farmer's scarecrow may sometimes dance, think, and smell a great deal like the farm hand who wore out its clothes. But even when it is as palpably bogus as a toupee it may yet serve to alarm multitudes of the innocent, and so get their votes for the politician who concocted it. Seeing him fighting heroically to save them from being devoured, they neglect to observe that the demon he is fighting is only a ghost.

American history on the political side is largely a history of just such hobgoblins—the Freemasons in 1828, the Bank of the United States in 1832, the Mexicans in

**Presenting the Credo of One  
Who Thinks the Moscow Men-  
ace Considerably Exaggerated**

**by  
H. L. MENCKEN**

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

1846, the Pope in 1852, Simon Legree in 1861, the Gold Trust in 1876, Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion in 1884, England in 1895, the Interests in 1896, General Weyler in 1898, the Kaiser in 1917, the Booze Trust in 1920, and so on down the line. I could fill this column with examples of national caliber. In narrower circles many others have been used with great effect by local talent—for example, the dummy labeled King George of England which Mayor Big Bill

Thompson chased out of Chicago in 1923 to the tune of a frightful uproar.

The current favorite is Communism, or, as it is more often called, the Red Menace. It began as a local bugaboo in New York along about 1918, but of late it has been making progress in all parts of the country, and politicians in states as far apart as Alabama, Oregon, and Maine have got into office by going gunning for it. This fact, I dare say, somewhat disquiets the young professors of the Brain Trust, and for two reasons. The first is that they are all more or less pink themselves and may come under fire if the Red scare goes much further. The other is that it diverts attention from their own pack of bugaboos, the Hell Hounds of Plutocracy. More than once in the past the hell hounds have set multitudes to trembling, but today it seems to be much easier to scare people with the Moscow boa constrictor.

To what extent is that boa constrictor real? To the same extent, it seems to me, that the farmer's scarecrow is real—no more and no less. A Communist Party, of course, really exists; indeed it is registered in more than half of the states, and puts a ticket in the field every time there is an election. And undoubtedly the Moscow master minds would like to see it upset the Constitution





and seize the government, for they still dream of running the world. But there isn't the slightest reason for believing that it will ever win an important election, at least in our time, nor is there any sign that the Moscow brethren are doing anything for it just now save wishing it well.

Its feebleness is downright pathetic.

No other minority party is so near to drying up and blowing away. In 1932, with millions ready to believe anything evil about capitalism, the most it could poll was 102,991 votes. This was less than one third of 1 per cent of the votes cast for the two old-time parties, and hardly more than 8 per cent of those cast for all the nut parties. Nowhere in the whole country did a Communist candidate come within miles of winning. And in thousands of precincts the party didn't poll a single vote.

How many members are on its rolls today nobody knows, for the figures given out by the party bosses are plainly not reliable. But now and then, when a membership drive is on and they quarrel with one another, they fall into a transient flirtation with the truth, and the embarrassing facts, or part of them, come out. There was such a drive last winter, running from December 15 to February 15. It was staged at a time when millions were out of work and there was great suffering from the bitter weather, but despite all the whooping done by the party wind machines on the one side and by political bugaboo-chasers on the other, it turned out a complete and ignominious flop.

At the end of the first month of the drive the total number of recruits rounded up in the whole United States was reported officially to be precisely 2,104. In some of the great industrial centers—for example, Baltimore, Scranton, and Wilkes-Barre—not a single sucker was snared. In Pittsburgh, where many thousands were already on the dole and many more thousands were very near it, the total bag was less than fifty. In the whole Philadelphia district, embracing Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, it was thirty-one. Where, then, did the 2,104 come from? In so far as they were real, they probably came mainly from New York City—and of them all it is not likely that more than 200 were Americans born or could speak intelligible English.

**B**UT despite this weakness, you may protest, the Communists are still a nuisance and, in times of trouble, a danger. Whenever there is a strike they try to horn into it. Whenever a black boy is accused of rape or murder in the South they send lawyers down to defend him and stir up a lot of ill feeling, North and South. And whenever they can make themselves obnoxious in any other way they seize the chance. All this is true—but only in part. The Communist big shots actually choose their battlegrounds very carefully, and keep away from those that look really dangerous. When you hear of blood being shed, it is never the bosses of the party who shed it. And when the cops pile in with their clubs

and beat up a gang of Reds, it almost always turns out that all the actual Reds were on the side lines, or even miles away, and that the persons beaten up were simply poor idiots who pushed too close to a buzz saw.

That such idiots are sometimes deliberately rounded up and sent into action I do not deny, but four times out of five it is not necessary to incite them. They are attracted to hollering exactly as a colored boy is attracted to a brass band. Ordered away, they crowd closer. Shoved back, they howl, cavort, and throw things. So the cops fall upon them—and the next day the Red bosses, safe in their garret studios, read with brave winks that another Red scare is under way, and the Red lawyers prepare to grab some more publicity by defending another drove of victims of the Money Power. Two or three days later the prisoners are in an observation ward surrounded by psychiatrists, and the whole episode is forgotten.

This is all that the average Red uprising in the United States amounts to. On the one side is a gang of cops lathered and alarmed by the baying of politicians and the black headlines of sensational newspapers; on the other side is a small group of schemers who like to play on the credulity of the ignorant and to divert themselves with gaudy dreams of power; and in the middle ground are the poor fools who make the show and get the pommeling.



The Soviet embassy in Washington.

**A**MONG these last, as I have said, you will never find the Red big chiefs. You will find plenty of shrieking women with Freudian complexes, and plenty of young college boys eager to annoy their fathers, and plenty of miscellaneous morons and paranoiacs, but you will never find any of the great experts in the Marxian dialectic.

Nearly all of these master minds are men who have tried other short cuts to the limelight and fallen by the wayside. Among them are veterans of all the quackeries that have beset the United States since the middle of the last century, from free silver to the single tax. There are shabby authors who tried to make the good magazines, and now howl that all competent and decent writers are subsidized by Wall Street. There are ex-professors of a dozen bogus sciences, from faith healing to sexology. There are out-at-elbows clergymen who couldn't fool their parishioners any more. There are repudiated ex-labor leaders. There are unemployed Chautauqua lecturers. There are all sorts and conditions of men save men of honesty and sense.

Is it any wonder that these transparent mountebanks fail to hornswoggle any considerable number of Americans? Their motives are too palpably self-seeking and the utopia they preach is too plainly fraudulent. There is in them no more actual concern for the poor and lowly than you will find in so many curb brokers, Palm Beach hotel-keepers, or Groton pedagogues. The thing they conjure up in their grandiose visions is not a society in which all men shall be equal and all men shall be free, but a social





organization as brutally despotic as that of the Moscow house of correction, with themselves on top in the Washington Kremlin, hordes of slaves kowtowing to them, and the keys to the public treasury in their hands. In brief, they entertain themselves with the gorgeous hallucinations that always delight failures and misfits. What they can't get in fair competition they will get half by magic and half by force—and if there is any bleeding to be done their dupes will do it.

The American people exhibit a great many varieties of stupidity, but believing in such nonsense is not one of them. The Brain Trust, like the Communists, has tried its best to destroy their old belief in the ancient "capitalistic" virtues of thrift, self-reliance, industry, and honesty, but they still hang on to what they were taught in school. What they hear about the collapse of capitalism goes in one ear and out the other. They see that, for all this silly talk, property still survives, and they continue to cherish the hope that on some near tomorrow they will manage to acquire some of it for themselves.

THE jitney Trotskys and Stalins have thus failed to canoodle either the city proletariat or the farmers. The city workman has to be close to lunacy to believe that the capitalistic system conspires to starve him; he knows very well that it has fed him in hard times, and he has sufficient confidence in himself to believe that he will be able to wring far more than mere feeding out of it when times grow better. As for the farmer, he is an incurable capitalist at all times and everywhere. Even in Russia, after sixteen years of intensive missionarying, he can be induced to endure Communism only by force. In this country all his dreams have to do with getting more for himself and keeping it. It always delights him when city men are looted to his benefit, but whenever the thing seems to run the other way his screams can be heard from coast to coast.

A few years ago the Communist big shots began to give special attention to the colored brother. He seemed to be easy pickings, for when there is a depression he always gets the worst of it, and his common rights are constantly violated in all save a few American states. But once more the net brought in only a few crippled minnows. For the colored brother has a makeweight for his troubles in a very active sense of humor, and it usually suffices to let him see through his saviors. In this case he listened to them politely, went to a few of their dances, jigged solemnly with the emetic white women in waiting, and then returned home to laugh. During the first month of last winter's drive the whole Philadelphia district, with a population of nearly 1,000,000 Negroes, produced but three black recruits. And all New York produced but forty-one.

The Negroes, moreover, have an-



**EVERYONE EXPECTS TO  
ESCAPE PYORRHEA (Somebody else  
is always likely to get it)**

MANY PEOPLE "know all about" pyorrhea. It is a disease *some other* men and women have! It seems very far away from their own lives. Their own teeth are brushed and cleaned so carefully!

But these careful tooth-brushers are often the very people whose gums become undermined by pyorrhea. It is *not* a question of cleanliness. When a tooth is lost through pyorrhea it is likely to be a sound, healthy tooth so far as the eye can see.

That is why pyorrhea, when it *does* come, seems to come from nowhere, without warning, like a lightning bolt. Only a dentist can diagnose pyorrhea during that preliminary stage when it is working beneath the surface. Give your dentist a chance at prevention, real prevention. As a professional man he would much prefer it to repair work. Another thing: your dentist is thoroughly experienced in pyorrhea, because *more than half* of the losses of adult teeth are due to the ravages of this lurking disease of the gums. Probably your own dental surgeon uses

at his chair the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment formula is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste* and it cannot be obtained by the public in any other way.

Preserve your own natural teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings—they may come too late. See your dentist twice a year and put the *whole family* on a twice-a-day schedule of Forhan's Toothpaste. A supremely fine toothpaste, with a big *protection-plus*. Read the directions for both teeth and gums on the big brown tube. For sale at all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

*Serious thought about teeth  
and gums leads to the use of*

# Forhan's



other and more painful reason to be suspicious of the American Lenins. A number of times during the past few years Communist organizations have made noisy efforts, usually unsolicited, to rescue this or that dark brother from the wolves of capitalism in the South—and on every occasion the clearing away of the smoke has revealed the Communists safe above the Potomac and the dark brothers in the death house below it. All Negroes of any intelligence now realize that this rescue work is only buncombe. The Communists always raise so raucous and ill-natured an uproar that a fair trial becomes impossible, and in the end the prisoner is worse off than if he had made no defense at all. More than one lynching has been caused by this cruel racket. Now all the Negro papers, led by such intelligent colored publicists as George S. Schuyler, warn the race against it.

Finally we come to the so-called intellectual wing of the movement, led mainly by unsuccessful writers. Back in 1931 it was announced that the American literati were flocking to the Red banner in large numbers, and that a proletarian literature of great loveliness and high horse power was about to enchant the country and bring on the revolution. But when this proletarian literature began to get into print it turned out to be simply childish drivel in bad English with a banal admixture of schoolboy obscenity. Not three American authors of any professional dignity, however slight, have ever joined the Communist Party or had any real truck with it. Its literary section is made up almost entirely of a sorry drove of failures and has-beens. It hasn't even produced a tolerable journalist. Its magazines are full of soap-box rhetoric and puerile stealings from the Moscow metaphysicians, and its books are as unreadable as the reports of the Census Bureau.

Thus the movement languishes and is constantly coming down with boils. It gets some recruits among the credulous from time to time, but every member who develops any sign of sense is quickly expelled, and the net increase is probably nothing. Certainly no one who ever looks into a Communist paper or gives ear to a Communist harangue can have any respect for the holy cause. Its propaganda is almost on a level with the gabble of a corn doctor at a county fair. The arguments it presents deny all the obvious facts and are so thin that even a schoolboy can see through them—or indeed even a school-teacher.

**B**UT Moscow is backing the movement—and it is thus well heeled and dangerous? Nonsense! Moscow treats it like a red-haired stepchild. There was a time, perhaps, when its head whoopers might have looked for remittances from that quarter, and even for enough to make them rich and saucy, but that time is now gone by. For several years past the Crokers and Murphys of the Kremlin have been laying out the hard-earned money of their serfs in other ways. For they aspire to be accepted as statesmen, and to that end they are engaged in an ardent wooing of all the capitalistic powers. In part they carry on this wooing by abandoning and repudiating their agents in foreign countries. And in part they do it by opening gorgeous embassies and consulates everywhere and going in for society.

The embassy at Washington, opened last winter, is a good example. It is outfitted like the palace of a movie queen and is the scene of tremendous levees in the grand manner. The opening reception still has Washington chattering. Champagne flowed like beer, and the globules of caviar were as large as golf balls. Every official

bigwig and social eminentissimo of the town was invited, and the party went on until the milkman came. But in all that stew of claw-hammer coats, flashy uniforms, and Paris frocks there was not a sign of an American comrade in his gray shirt and corduroy pants. If any such fellow was entertained at all, it must have been in the kitchen.

The truth is that the comrades have been sold down the river, here and elsewhere. The Moscow Hitlers and Mussolinis tire of low living and high thinking; they want to go to all the great international shows and to be accepted as equals by their betters, and to that end they are willing to make any sacrifice of their so-called principles.

When Maxim Litvinoff came to Washington and began to negotiate for American recognition he signed off every item in the original Bolshevik program. He not only agreed in writing to give up all hope and purpose of converting the United States to Communism; he also agreed to put down any group which revived that purpose on Russian soil, or even so much as discussed it. And he agreed in the other direction that American clergymen of all denominations might enter Russia freely and preach their religion (or, in the Marxian phrase, sell their opium) to any one who had a fancy for it. Thus the whiskers of Marx were pulled out, the American comrades were left to root or die, and Litvinoff, dressed up like a head waiter, went to dinner at the White House.

**T**O be sure, Russian agreements are probably not worth much, but this one can be enforced, for it carries penalties. The moment it is violated recognition will be withdrawn and the

Moscow Tammany will face the Japs without any hope of American aid. So will the agreement with France and England be kept—to abandon missionary effort among the blacks of the French and English colonies. It was made at the time the Moscow boys first began to aspire to membership in the League of Nations, and it is already so far effective that the agent in charge of the propaganda, an American Negro, has been canned out of hand, and is now complaining bitterly that his late employers used him like a dog and are a gang of frauds and liars. What is more, he proves it.

All this leaves the American comrades standing on a burning deck and with no coast-guard cutters in sight. Moscow has sold them out to the Money Power, and their own efforts to stir up the rabble are at a standstill. They can neither drum up enough recruits to make the cause formidable on election day, nor gather in enough money and talent to carry on an effective propaganda at other times. Meanwhile all of the most seductive gimcracks in their showcase have been lifted by the Brain Trust—which began, indeed, with one foot over their doorsill, but is now ranging far afield, and usually in the direction of the capitalistic bad lands. This treason, it seems to me, was even more brutal than that of Litvinoff. When the New Deal was loosed upon the country many of the brethren hailed it with hosannas, for they thought it was the first move toward the revolution. But now they know better. It has stolen all their thunder and left them thrashing about in a vacuum. For everything they offer to the downtrodden it has a match and a double—and the taxpayer pays all its bills.

It is surely amazing that so puny and futile a movement should arouse so much excitement. It is actually quite as harmless as the Boy Scouts or the Y. M. C. A., but its leaders, seeking publicity at any cost and eager to be thought of as deep and dangerous fellows, have

## AIRPLANE RACING

### By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

A recent airplane race was held around a circular course. While watching the death-defying speed of the pilots, a spectator remarked: "I hope young Jimmy Tailspin wins! He's the handsomest thing!"

We might make a puzzle by asking our readers what was the sex of the spectator who spoke the above words, but let us proceed.

Another spectator said, "Which one is he?"

"He's the one in the plane with the red fuselage and silver wings."

"Oh, yes," replied the second spectator. "There he goes now. By the way, how many planes are there in this race?"

The reply of the first spectator was perhaps not in character, but here it is:

"A third of the number of planes in front of him added to three quarters of the number of planes behind him will give you the answer."

So how many planes were there in the race?

*The answer will be found on page 59*



got it into such a position that every unpleasantness that happens is blamed on it.

Thus it makes a useful bugaboo for all the cheaper variety of politicians, and all the more stupid Chambers of Commerce, and all the cotton-mill sweaters and coal-mine Simon Le-grees, and whenever one of its orators mounts his soap box the cops rush up and a dozen or two of poor bystanders have their heads cracked. As for the orator himself, he almost always gets away. As for the bosses back at headquarters, they were not there at all.

*Startling disclosures of Moscow's recent secret commands and instructions to Communists in the United States will be made in Liberty next week in a second article by Matthew Woll, third vice president of the American Federation of Labor.*

## T W E N T Y Q U E S T I O N S

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is benzol?

2—Where in the Bible is exemption from war service ordered for a newly married man?

3—Which is the right bank of a river?

4—Who wrote "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in bat-talions"?

5—Who was the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company?

6—By what name are illegibly or im-properly addressed letters known to post-office mail sorters?

7—*Rhus toxicodendron* is what?

8—What is a printer's bodkin?

9—When did the United States Su-preme Court assume the right to pass upon the constitutionality of an act of Congress?

10—Where and when was the first post office established in Canada?

11—*Nulli secundus* means what?

12—What was the maiden name of Martha Washington before she married Daniel Parke Custis, her first husband?

13—Has the weight of the human brain anything to do with the intelli-gence of the individual?

14—Which is the longest navigable river in Canada?

15—Who named Australia?

16—What men were elected to the United States Presidency after losing previous contests for that office?

17—Who wrote "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure"?

18—What man once owned all Can-ada?

19—What is the total length of the five Great Lakes?

20—Hypochondriasis is what?

(Answers will be found on page 43)



## SOMETIMES IT HURTS TO LEARN...you can't get by without shaving!

**H**EARTACHE is but one price men pay for failure to keep well-shaven. For stubble is repulsive. Women shun it. Employers won't tolerate half-shaved workers. Bristles can turn friends and associates against you. In view of this how can any man take a chance by appearing in public without a clean shave!

Shaving is *not* a task with the Gillette "Blue Blade." Use this blade and you can shave close and clean every day or twice a day in perfect comfort. There's no pull—no burn. You look and feel well shaved.

The reason for this is simple. The Gillette "Blue Blade" is almost in-credibly keen. It is the product of

manufacturing and inspection meth-ods absolutely unequalled by other blade makers. Tempered to the exact required degree of hardness in auto-matically controlled electric furnaces—this blade is then ground, honed and stropped by equipment held to microscopic limits of accuracy.

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# One Chance in a Hundred

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



**D**R. STANLEY RITHMORE did not hate Bob Haliday. To one of his logical mind, hatred was as comic, as hysterical, when you got down to it, as love. As a matter of fact he rather liked the fellow, in a dry contemptuous fashion. Yet he was going to kill him.

He had arrived at this decision after a brief clear-eyed diagnosis of the situation. Then he had slapped his thigh, lighted a pipe, and smiled so pleasantly that he would have won the trust of a sick child.

He could remember no act of his career with so many amusing angles. It was a little tough on Bob, but there were any God's quantity of Bobs. As a surgeon he had saved the lives of hundreds of the ilk: if he wanted to throw one away no real harm was done.

Bob had no dependents. Although a successful real-estate man, his only real distinction was some glandular activity—Rithmore suspected the pituitary, but he couldn't say for certain, so scanty had been the work along those lines—that made him a kind of Casanova among the women. After all, this distinction was not actually rare. One man in fifty, perhaps.

No; there was no earthly reason why Bob must be spared. As for heavenly reasons—Dr. Stanley Rithmore did not go in for them.

Motive? As good a motive as men usually have for such tricks. The only difference was, he did not dress it up with fancy names, sugar-coat the mean wicked little pill. His fellow medicos said that Rithmore had X-ray eyes. In a sense it was true—he *did* see into people's minds and carcasses—but he had never spared his own breast and brain this incisive unfogged scrutiny. He knew just what he was doing, and why.

He scorned to whitewash it. This he could safely leave to the sentimental public—in case his plans went wrong and he was charged with the crime. Men otherwise sensible would write sympathetic letters to the papers and to him; some long-jawed juryman would stick out for acquittal until further notice. But he would smile to himself, as he was smiling now.

They would say his home was his castle. They would declaim that every man had the right to defend his honor. If he wasn't careful, they'd make him out a Southern gentleman, on the strength of his mother having been born in West Virginia. And Bob Haliday, they would solemnly affirm, was a human serpent who had got just what he deserved. As though Bob had done anything that nine men out of ten wouldn't have done, with the same temptation and make-up! As though he could if Susan, Rithmore's wife, hadn't cooperated.

Yet he was going to kill Bob Haliday for a reason so simple and human that no detective would ever discover it or no juryman believe it. It arose from the fact that Susan had not only surrendered to Bob but thought she loved him. His one talent—and Rithmore conceded it

must be first-class—so charmed her long, pointed eyes that he seemed to her a second Romeo and she his Juliet.

Bob's death at Rithmore's hands would be to Susan a decided shock. It would more than play even for the annoyance and indignity he had suffered. In plain words, it would spite her—and Rithmore was interested to observe that he was not above spite.

And there was his motive—in an antiseptic package.

So Rithmore waited until Bob Haliday again dropped in to dinner. He had not been near Susan for four days, about the usual interval, and his throat was swollen and his tone thick. And, by Jove, no one had ever done a paper on those physiological changes! He must make a note of that.

It was good fun, that dinner. Rithmore was amused by the fellow's camaraderie, the straightforward way he met his gaze, his hearty laughter at his jokes, meanwhile rubbing his big feet on the rug. As usual, Bob pretended to be one of his best friends. He could have been, too—yes, Rithmore rather liked the fellow—but his fancied love for Susan made him hold a fancied hatred for Susan's husband. All this would be over tonight. Tonight was the appointed time.

And Susan was a picnic! The clinical picture was clear as day—flushed cheeks, damp forehead, smoky look in the eyes. Yet her clever efforts to carry it off would have made a preacher laugh. She lavished smiles on Rithmore. She spoke affectionately—with a big-sisterly affection—to Bob. She accused them both, with a humorous resignation, of going off and raising the devil together every time she turned her back. And when Rithmore mentioned he might have to make some calls tonight, she made a face at him that she knew was charming. Charming all over, was Susan. He really couldn't blame Bob Haliday. She was thirty-five but looked seven years younger. There was something chronically exciting



SUSAN RITHMORE





STANLEY RITHMORE, M.D.

about her long, narrow eyes, high cheek bones, full lips, and pointed chin. She was a tall slim blonde woman.

And Bob was a good match for her, physically. Tall, finely built, with pale but very bright eyes contrasting his dark skin. But he wouldn't look so well in the morning! Rithmore had sufficient experience in such matters to visualize exactly how he would look. But it did not mar his pleasure, weaken his purpose, or take away his appetite for dinner. He'd got over all that in medical school.

He gulped his coffee and stood up. "I'll have to phone that Harris woman and see how her kid is," he said. The Harris woman and her child were an invention of the moment. "It would be just my luck to have to drive all the way out there."

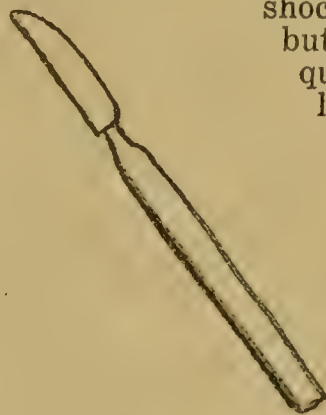
"Oh, dear!" Susan spoke in a tone of acute annoyance, but Rithmore saw the quick swelling of her breast. "How far is it?"

"Nearly twenty miles, over country roads." He watched her with delight.

"Why, you'll be gone—an hour or more."

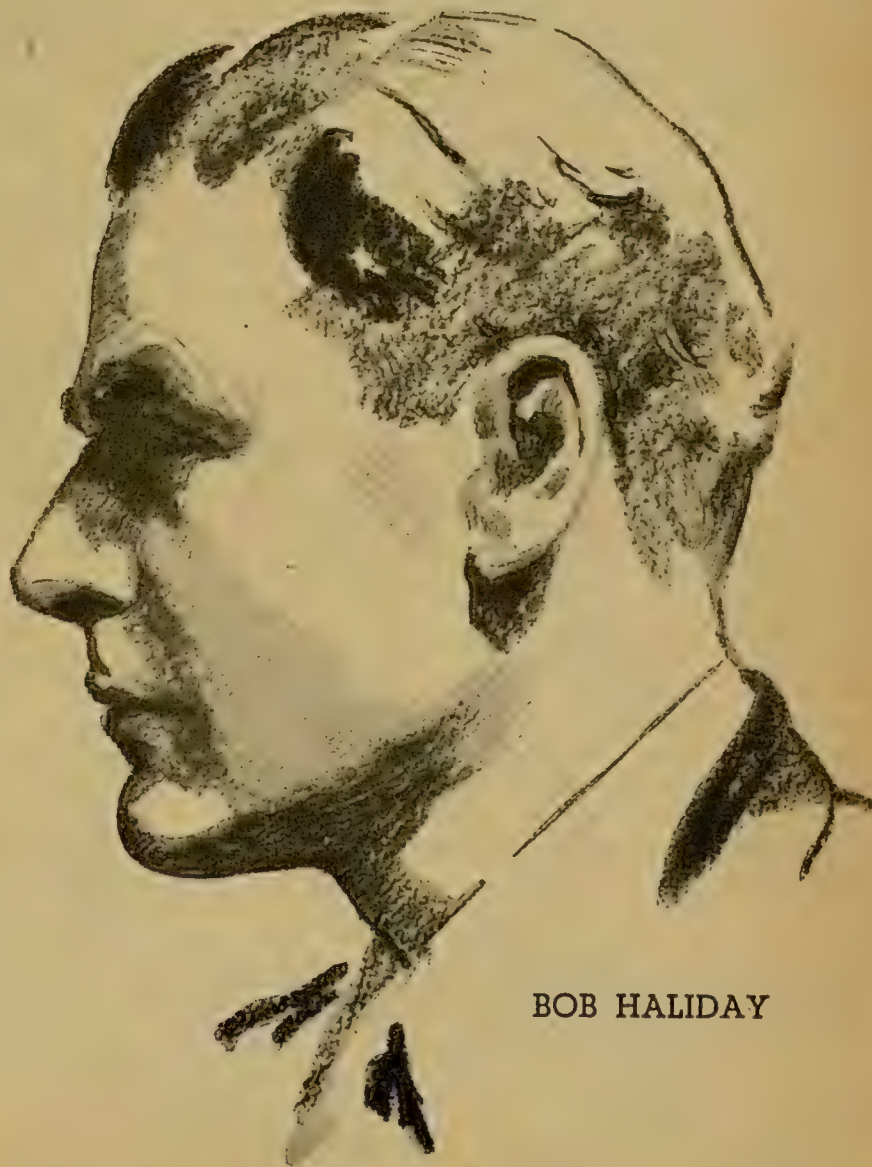
"More than two hours. I'd have to change the dressings. But cheer up: maybe I won't have to go."

He stepped into the closet and held an imaginary conversation over the telephone. Then he ran upstairs and got a pistol out of a well locked hiding place. It was a compact light .38 automatic, positive in its action as strychnine. He was pleased with its big caliber. Light bullets were good, but they lacked shock. Queer thing, shock. Any interne could recognize it but Sir William Osler could not adequately explain it. Personally, he believed there was a time element involved. If he just had time for a series of experiments— But now old Dr. Hubbard was taking it easy, he was worked half to death. For instance, he actually believed he could prove that a slow bullet passing



**A Tale You Won't Soon Forget—of  
Revenge with a Smile, a Perfect  
Crime, and a Doctor's Amazing Dilemma**

**by  
EDISON  
MARSHALL**



BOB HALIDAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
J. HENRY



through tissue dealt more shock than a fast bullet of the same caliber. And this was above and beyond the fact of the greater tissue destruction of a big-calibered slug.

If he were an army surgeon he'd look into the matter. It was a practically unknown field. As it was, his only experience arose from a little big-game hunting in Canada. And, by the way, that was a good joke on Bob and Susan. It was during his absence on his first big-game hunt that they had got together. They hadn't guessed that while they were learning guilty love he had learned the behavior of bullets and to be a dead shot.

The pistol was equipped with a silencer. As Rithmore had taken it from the pocket of a dead burglar, unknown to any living man, it could never be traced to him. He rubbed it off carefully, picked it up with a rubber glove, and dropped it in his medical bag. Then he hurried downstairs.

BOB and Susan were leaning forward in their chairs, arguing quite hotly about Hitler. For a few seconds they pretended not to see him standing in the door.

"I've got to make that call," Rithmore told them.

"Darn being a doctor's wife!" Susan answered. But she rose to get him quickly out of the house, and her eyes were glistening.

"Anything you want uptown? Some of the Greek stores will be open. I can get the stuff on my way back."

"I can't think of anything right now."

"Mind, I'm not going to make two trips. What if I phone you from uptown just before I come home?"

Both she and Bob looked as though their fairy godmother had just walked into the room.

"That might be a good idea. I'll go over my lists in the meantime. Don't forget to phone."

Rather recklessly for a fool like him, Bob now played his luck. "I'll have to be running along too," he ventured.

"Don't hurry off," Rithmore told him. "Susan, give him another cup of coffee and a microscopic pony of the brandy."

"Do you mean the prewar bottle?" Bob exulted. "Boy, I *will* stay—a few minutes, anyhow. But, Stan, aren't you afraid to leave this good-looking girl in the power of an old Casanova like me?"

"Scared half to death," Susan said with her charming smile. "But some night he'll leave me once too often."

All three laughed and giped, and laughter still rang into the night as Rithmore closed the door behind him.

He drove slowly about the town for fifteen minutes, then approached the house by a back street, parked his car more than a block away, and stole up through the alley. Encircling the house, he paused a moment outside a certain window on the ground floor. The shade was down, but a little pencil of light stole through a tiny hole he had cut in the cloth.

The light was soft. That was Susan's idea. But by gluing his eye to the hole Rithmore could see enough.

He returned to his car and drove to a drug store less than two blocks away. After a decent interval—Rithmore flattered himself on his sense of hospitality—he stepped into a pay booth and telephoned his house.

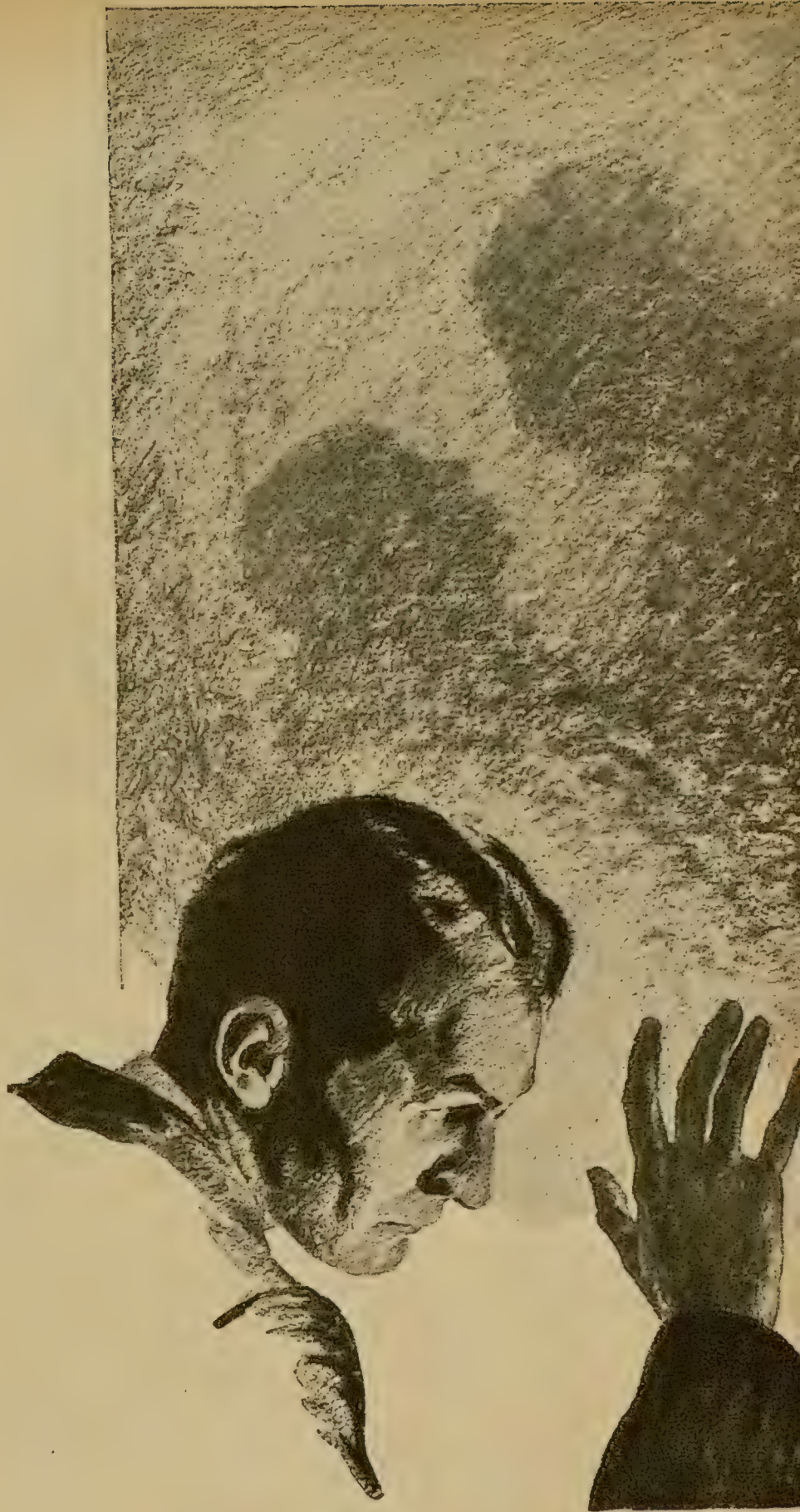
Susan answered, her voice harsh with annoyance. But when she recognized Rithmore's voice she rallied quickly.

"Stan! What in the world—" And not a telltale tremor in her tone; nothing but pleasant surprise. A first-rate woman, Susan! Pick-up and dash no end. A highly organized central nervous system with only one infirmity, and in the long view of the question that too might be a strength.

His admiration for her leaped up. After all, you couldn't expect a race horse to be a woman's driving nag.

She was bound to have certain tendencies toward hysteria, with that too complex brain. In women of her type evolution was working toward a higher human machine but hadn't yet made it foolproof. He'd rather have unfaithful Susan—even at the cost of a murder—than cow-like Mary Ann.

"I didn't go, after all," he explained. "Called up and



found it wasn't necessary. Do you want anything uptown before I come home?"

Instantly she reeled off a shopping list that would keep him occupied fifteen minutes more. Quick on the uptake, Susan! He was smiling as he hung up.

It was a fair assumption that Bob would streak for home. His house was only two blocks away, and he would be startled enough by the telephone call to hit instinctively for cover. Of course he might not. Rithmore could not always anticipate human reactions. But if the plan missed fire tonight, he would simply wait a few days and try again.

Rithmore walked down a shady side street, slid into an alley, and thence into a small rose garden beside Bob's lighted garage. Here he had a brief but annoying wait. A rose thorn pricked his ankle and a mosquito bit him. He must remember to apply a drop of iodine to the sting; otherwise it would puff out and itch.

Remarkable—and now the time passed swiftly—the antipathy of the human body to microscopic quantities of certain venoms. They did not multiply like living germs, yet in the case of *Clostridium botulinum* one spoonful of





The shade was down, but through a tiny hole he had cut in the cloth Rithmore could see enough.

the pure toxin would, properly diluted and distributed, destroy the whole human race. How little had been done, really—how much remained to do!

But just then he dropped the subject, although rather regretfully. He saw Bob's car lights flash in the driveway.

Well, he'd made fairly good time. He had probably run in circles for a moment or two; but Susan had called him down, bucked him up, and sent him packing. Now, politely dressed, she would be sitting under the reading lamp, a third way through a book.

Rithmore cocked his pistol.

The light flared up the driveway, the tree trunks marching against it. Now the car had rolled into the lighted garage. Rithmore heard the engine give its last cough—surprisingly like the wheeze of idiopathic asthma, he observed—and the car door slam shut. So he stepped out of the shelter, facing the lighted doorway.

Bob stepped to the doorway. Half blinded by the light within, at first he did not see his enemy standing there with a slowly rising pistol in his gloved hand.

Bob reached to press the electric switch by the door.

But by now Rithmore had his aim—a little to the right of Bob's left nipple—and as the lights flashed off he pressed the trigger.

Bob and the darkness fell together. Pretty neat timing, Rithmore considered. And in the afterglow of the lights the pistol flash had been hardly noticeable.

He went into the garage, turned on the parking lights of the car so he could see what he was doing, and knelt beside Bob's body. The shot, he noted, was quite up to his standard. But of course the human heart was a fairly large organ—in this case a large target. And he wouldn't be surprised if Bob's heart was somewhat enlarged. He had never outlined it, to make sure; but Bob had been a hard liver.

RITHMORE felt through Bob's pockets and soon found his purse. He removed the paper money, pocketed it, and dropped the purse. Tomorrow he would turn it over to a really worthy charity. Or perhaps he'd use the sum to buy a gift for Susan—and tell her about it, too. The reactions on her hyperthyroid condition would be entertaining.

He strolled out of the garage, down the alley, and to his parked car. A few minutes later he stopped on the bridge, pretended to examine a tire, then dropped the pistol into deep water. Then he drove slowly uptown to order some medicines and do what was really necessary of Susan's shopping.

Soon he was chatting pleasantly with his druggist, waiting for some

complicated prescriptions to be filled. They discussed the weather, the strike at the mills, and the revival of the sale of patent medicines.

"It's a damned outrage," Rithmore said, his face darkening with anger. "They'll take those nostrums for everything from bellyache to cancer, and when they come to us at last, it's too late. It's downright murder! There ought to be a law forbidding their sale."

Just then the desk phone rang. The druggist answered. "He's here right now," Rithmore heard him say. "Want to speak to him? Sure, I'll tell him." Then, hanging up: "Doc, that was a nurse out at the University Hospital. She called your house and your wife said you'd drop in here. Dr. Hubbard wants to see you out there right away. Says it's an emergency."

Dr. Hubbard was the dean of the college and by all odds the foremost surgeon in the city. Yes, and the nearest Rithmore had to an anthropomorphic god.

"It's that Phelan lower bowel," Rithmore told himself.

He drove at top speed to the hospital, and found the old surgeon sitting on a stool in the cloak closet of the



operating room. His head was in his hands; his face was the color of a pickled brain.

"I'm sixty-four years old," he said very quietly. "I'm done for, Rithmore. Look at these damned hands! Go in and take that case."

"Rubbish!" Rithmore answered. "As soon as you pick up the knife you'll steady down." Meanwhile he was jerking off his coat.

"Don't fool with me," was the ominous answer. "You remember the untried buck they brought up to old Akela in Kipling's Jungle Book—to see if he was still fit to lead the pack? My untried buck is in there on the table. I know enough not to struggle. Even with you—a better surgeon than I ever was—he'd have only one chance in a hundred. With me it would be plain manslaughter."

Rithmore had snatched off his necktie and was kicking out of his trousers. "You're just off your feed. But I'll take the case, of course. What's Phelan got? Obstructed lower bowel?" He had started for the washroom.

"Phelan hell! He died this afternoon. There's a man in there with a bullet in his heart. He was shot about an hour ago by a bandit. You may know the fellow—Bob Haliday."

Hurrying to the washroom, Hubbard at his heels, Rithmore paused a brief instant in his step. Then he hurried on.

Yes, Rithmore admitted, he knew the fellow. He smiled faintly, then remembered with a surge of conscience that it was no time to smile when old Dr. Hubbard had reached the end of his rope. A tragic thing, those strong fluent hands stilled!

"If the bullet's well embedded and the man in shock," he said gravely, as he scrubbed each finger in turn, "wouldn't it be best to wait—"

"Man, it's a slug from a thirty-eight. Percussion shows that the pericardium is filling up like a floundering ship. Do you want him to pass out without a dog's chance?"

Just what he did want—but he couldn't say so. He did not like to have to murder the same man twice. Still, it was a small chore, under the circumstances. A scalpel blade plunged a tenth of an inch too far. A stitch in the wrong spot. A trifling clumsiness as he worked out the bullet.

But he was borrowing trouble! He needn't kill Bob again—merely fail to bring him back to life. Just a brief let-up of his hand was enough, the slightest pulling of his punch. Why, all he had to do was *not* do his damndest and the man was dead as Hector!

An entertaining situation. A bigger joke on Bob than he had foreseen—and on Susan too. For that matter, it was a middling good joke on himself. But he'd laugh last.

"He hasn't a dog's chance anyway," he told Hubbard, with a wicked little smile. Meanwhile he had finished his scrubbing and was wagging his arms for the apron.

**M**ASKED, gloved, and gowned, he advanced to the table. A big man was lying there, his wounded breast bared and sterilized. Yes, he was Bob Haliday. But he looked like any other patient, so limp and gray, waiting for a doctor's fallible hands to yank him back to life.

But he was not a patient—he was a victim: a delicate and important distinction. There was a bullet hole a little to the right of his left nipple. A good shot, too—it was no fault of Rithmore's that Bob still lived; only the wildest fluke. And now that fluke would be canceled.

The patient—no, Bob Haliday—was in shock. He wondered how amorous Susan would like him now, a hundred and eighty pounds of inert clay. His pituitary gland was out of business for the present. Rithmore thumped with a gloved finger and listened.

Yes, the pericardium was filling rapidly. The heart was struggling like a spent swimmer in a sea of blood. It couldn't stand much more. The shock of the operation would no doubt tip the scales. However, he'd go through the motions.

He'd use novocain, of course. But first an injection

of morphine and scopolamine. It acted quickly.

"Scalpel," he soon commanded.

A good edge, too. The attendants knew enough not to pass *him* a dull blade! He made his incision from the third rib to the costal margin.

Below were the cartilages connecting the ribs with the breastbone. Three of them must be cut. And as though by merely thinking so, presently they *were* cut. His hand must have done it when he was not noticing.

One, two, three—and out goes he if the knife slipped and damaged the pleura beneath. But that would be a bungler's way to kill a rival. He'd do better than that. And now he had placed a retractor to enlarge the wound.

"Good God, hurry up those small sponges! What is this, a veterinary establishment?"

A very delicate membrane, the pleura, and "always in the way," like the little stepchild in the old song. Evolution ought to have put stronger tissue to connect the lungs with the walls of the body. But evolution hadn't foreseen modern surgery. He managed to push it very gently aside.

Well, there was the pericardium, the heart-sac, with a neat round bullet hole oozing blood. But the hole was too high to drain effectively. The patient had a heart like a lion or it would never have stood the pressure.



EDISON  
MARSHALL

*was born in Indiana, went to Oregon at thirteen, and during his first year in college felt the urge to write. He took up literature as his life-work at the close of the war and has worked at it ever since. He claims that he now travels to write and writes to travel.*

**F**OR a breath Rithmore was almost penitent. What a pity it was to lose a patient with such a heart! It was not enlarged, as he had guessed at first, but as sound as a Hoover dollar. Bob was a valuable exception to an anginous generation. He ought to live and beget sons—all he could manage. For a good pump runs in families. But this man was not a patient; instead, a victim!

"Scissors, I told you! See here, nurse, you make another mistake like that, and out you go.

Try to keep your smutty mind off the internes till I finish this operation. That's a retractor, Hardwick, not an arm rest. And I'd rather like to see what I'm doing, you know. Somebody used these scissors to open beer!"

But he cut the pericardium all its length, and its burden of blood was draining out. Within lay the heart, pulsing feebly but swiftly. Plenty of adrenaline in his blood stream, no doubt. The man probably had adrenal glands big as a panther's, a big factor in his philanderings. Well, he wouldn't philander any more!

Rithmore reached in, took the beating heart in his hand, and pulled it out of the pericardium as far as he could. Still going, by heaven, for all the gaping bullet wound in the wall of the left ventricle. Beat—beat—beat against his fingers.

Truly wonderful, the human heart!

Ten cents' worth of meat, yet the mainspring of a strong man's life.

Somewhere in it, if he believed the romancers, lodged Susan's love.

Yes, the patient was Bob Haliday—he had nearly forgotten.

And there was Susan's husband's contribution—a hundred grains of lead.

Beat—beat—beat—beat—beat—

It wouldn't be easy to lift out the bullet. He was tempted to let it stay there. Still, he might as well go the whole hog; now he was on the ground. There. That got at it. A little more and—

"Get me that hypo needle—quick." Beat—beat. It had all but stopped, but now it was taking hold again. "No, but have it ready. And give me some gut."

Beat—beat—beat. It was the only movement left in the room, save for his flying hands. And suddenly it was the whole world turning on its axis, the sun and all the planets whirling through the Milky Way, all creation itself about to run down.

A dream enveloped him.

Something was going on here, but he hadn't time now to stop and think just what it was. Something that concerned him intimately and personally, if he could pause



a moment and remember. But if he didn't hurry like hell the patient would die!

Cursing and swearing—cutting, digging, and suturing—he went on with the operation. And the heart he held in his hand went *beat—beat—beat*. . . .

It was ten days later. Bob Haliday had just eaten a five-minute steak. When Rithmore dropped in to listen to his heart, Bob asked the nurse to step out of the room.

"I want to ask you something, Stan," he said, when the door had closed. "Of course it's none of my business, but I can't help but be curious."

"Shoot," Rithmore said with a faint smile.

"Shoot" is right." For Bob Haliday had a rather engaging sense of humor, like so many blackguards. "See here, Stan. I know you shot me—and I know why."

"You're sure, are you?"

"I saw your face, by the light from the garage, just as you pulled the trigger. I couldn't see you plain, but I knew your smile. I remember thinking it a bit odd that even you could smile when you were killing somebody."

"I was amused at the joke it would be on Susan. But it ended up on me."

"THAT'S just it," Bob went on. "Since you took the trouble to shoot me—why did you take the trouble to cure me? Would you mind explaining?"

"No use explaining—you wouldn't understand. You've got a tough heart, Bob, but a weak brain. I'll remember that—next time—and aim higher."

"There won't be any next time, if it's all right with you. Just tell me in simple language."

"Well, in simple language—to kill you was worth an evening hanging around in your rose garden. But it wasn't worth spoiling a really top-hole operation."

"Oh, I see."

"And by the way, the bill for your operation will be five hundred dollars, an especially low rate. I took a hundred and twenty from your pocket-book—that leaves three hundred and eighty you owe me. But I'm not going to keep any of it myself. It would hardly be professional under the—er—circumstances. I'm going to spend it sending some rickety children to summer camp. The amount of rickets in this town is appalling."

Dr. Rithmore began to pace the floor. "Low altitude may have something to do with it," he went on. "The heavier the air, the more resistance to the actinic rays. Rickets is almost unknown in high cities like Denver, except, of course, among the extreme underprivileged. See here, Bob—if you can afford it, you might add another five hundred to that check. You'd still be getting off pretty light, you know."

"Sure I will. Only please go out and shut the door. I'm getting cold."

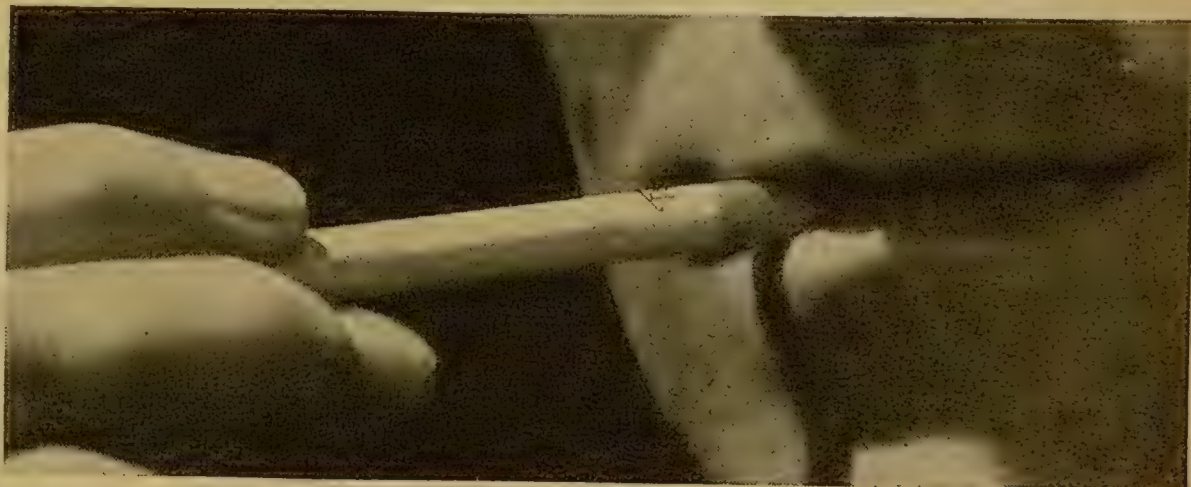
THE END

# Movie of a man lighting a cork-tipped Spud

...or why the tips are packed **DOWN**



**ONE** . . . Lift out the cigarette in the normal way. The cork tip is at the lower end. Even your own fingers can't spoil its immaculate freshness.



**TWO** . . . Just put the lower end in your mouth. That's the natural way to do it. You don't have to fumble, or use both hands. This saves time.



**THREE** . . . Light up. And don't worry . . . there's no chance of lighting the wrong end. When cork tips were packed the old-fashioned way, even the most careful of us was likely to have his embarrassing moments.

CORK TIP or PLAIN **15<sup>c</sup>** FOR 20

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



# New EARS



Acme photo

The author, with Mrs. Hughes, enjoying an alleged vacation — and touching up a manuscript — in the mountains of southern California.

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

**T**HE sense of shame has as much to do with putting things on as leaving them off. People will wear the strangest things if everybody else does, or go as nearly naked as everybody else does, and think nothing of it. But to wear rubbers or carry an umbrella fills some people with a sense of indecency. Most people would rather have their ears freeze and drop off than wear muffs on them.

Millions of people who are hard of hearing are going through life missing half of it and risking all of it because they are ashamed to wear on one ear a little dingus with a cord. They are afraid that somebody will find out what nearly everybody knows anyway. The deafest of people have no compunctions about wearing eyeglasses, but they accept torments and torment other people rather than make use of the simplest appliances for the improvement of their hearing.

I criticize them the more brutally because I know just how they feel, having gone through the very same experiences tormenting myself and my unfortunate companions rather than wear a little dewdab in one ear with a little cord hanging from it leading to a concealed badge on my waistcoat and a battery in my hip pocket.

I made no resistance at all when my oculist put me in glasses after I got my eyes burned out in the desert sun on the Mexican border. But I postponed for many years the concession to an ear aid. The only people I fooled were total strangers who were not noticing me anyway. My poor friends knew all about it, and in the theater my poor wife lost half of every play whispering to me what the other half was about.

This is one excuse for the offensive prudery of those of us who have impaired hearing: Only lately has science

even begun to find ways of real help. There is much yet to be done before perfection is reached, but wonderful strides have been taken in increasing the power of ear aids and at the same time diminishing their size.

There was a time when spectacle lenses were crude and not fitted to individual use. From time immemorial magnifying glasses of various sorts have been known, and a generation or two ago one bought lenses as one bought gloves, roughly by size. For those with complex astigmatism ready-made spectacles were as much of a torment as unadjusted ear machines are to people with faulty hearing. Some deaf people have perfect conduction and impaired perception; for these a mere amplifier of sound simply brings torment and confusion. Others have perfect perception and impaired conduction; to these the amplifier brings all they need, if it is adjustable to the noise coming in.

The oculists and opticians fought for a century or more to overcome two things: their own ignorance and the prejudices of their clients. They encounter to this day occasional people who would rather miss half the sights and bump into most of the obstacles than wear glasses; but they are rarer and rarer and we have come to recognize and accept the beauty of true beauty behind eyeglasses as well as beneath rouge and powder or even clothes. So the number of people who frankly wear ear pieces is increasing with immense rapidity.

Magnifying glasses have been known for ages. The deaf had to wait for the recent developments of electricity, the microphone, telephone, and radio. So now people who are attempting to overcome the resistance to ear aids are encountering exactly the same prejudice that greeted the advocates of eye aids. We are only now realizing the importance of both to the true understanding of the problems of children and their progress in morals and in education. The value of ear aids has lagged behind, and while many schools insist on eye tests and force pupils into spectacles, little is done for children with faulty hearing.

Men laugh at women's submission to fashions, yet are equally subservient to their own. Men fought eyeglasses for a long time as a proclamation of a defect. Ben Franklin, annoyed by having to use spectacles for distance and other spectacles for reading and changing them all the time, had them combined and invented bifocal glasses. As he explains it, he found this very handy in France, for he could look down at what he was eating and then across the table at the pretty French ladies, whose lips he could read better now.

But George Washington, who became taciturn because of his false teeth, postponed the confession of reliance on eyeglasses till the end of the war, when, in delivering his great address to the mutinous officers at Newburgh, he found himself unable to read from a letter written in a smaller hand than his own, and took out of his pocket a pair of recently made glasses with an apology:

"Gentlemen, you will permit me to put on my spectacles, for I have not only grown gray but almost blind in the service of my country."

This brought tears to the eyes of the soldiers, and doubtless the poor man's spectacles were as ill fitted as his teeth. He also grew markedly hard of hearing in his later years, and that was another reason for his taciturnity.



# FOR Old

**Fifteen Million Americans Are Hard of Hearing and Most of Them Are Ashamed of It!—Let's Put an End to the Strange, Mad Nonsense of Treating It as a Disgrace, says**

**RUPERT HUGHES**

**who is one of them**

But all things abhorred become fashionable and in time men wore monocles as an affectation. Similarly women who would not wear spectacles found something grand in putting them on a stick and using them with such an air of disdain that lorgnons or lorgnettes came to be the very symbol of snobbery and even to be called "impertinents."

Perhaps one of these days people who can hear perfectly well will put on ear machines to show their superiority to the unaided. Or, instead of seeking to conceal their ear aids, they will exaggerate them.

The time has come, however, to put an end to the nonsense, and worse, of trying to treat deafness as a disgrace. I don't know how to compare the effort of a deaf man to conceal his deafness with the fabulous ostrich's habit of trying to hide himself by sticking his head in the sand; but the attempt is no more successful.

Yet it has my sympathy. My own deafness has been deliberately progressive. Doctors were never able to do much with it. In fact doctors cannot go far with impairment of hearing and, after certain steps to delay the progression, the doctor is as helpless as he is to grow a leg to replace one he has amputated.

A prominent author lost a leg in the World War and I used to tell him that I envied him the proof of his courage, because my deafness prevented me from going overseas with my regiment. It may have saved my life and perhaps that of many others whom I might have led astray; but how truly sincere my envy was of the man who had lost his leg I don't know. Doubtless he would gladly trade his better hearing for another leg.

We all have something the matter with us, and some of us many things. So why we try so hard to pretend that we are perfect is a wonder.

When my deafness was first becoming notorious, the editor of a magazine asked me to write an article giving advice to those who have to deal with deaf people, telling them what annoys us, what not to do and what to do. That was one of the few articles I ever refused to write, on any subject. I said sternly:

"My deafness is none of the public's business and I'm certainly not going to advertise my infirmities. They are bothersome enough to me and those who have to holler at me without my annoying the public with them."

He urged me repeatedly but I shook my head. He said he would get the article out of me in spite of me. I bet him he wouldn't. Every few months he would write or telephone me. I defied him to the last. When he died it gave me a strange shock to learn that he had



Photos by Ewing Galloway

"While many schools insist on eye tests, little is done for children with faulty hearing."

Left: "Women do not object to wearing earrings—why should they shudder at ear-pieces?"

been suffering from cancer.

I am writing now not to advertise my infirmity but to spread the good news of the vast improvements in the world of the deaf. My hear-

ing grew feebler and feebler and the medical books said a cure was impossible. According to my type I heard strange noises—bells ringing, whistles squealing, engines puffing. It took me some time to realize that this last was the throb of my own blood.

At first I had quite a time with myself. I knew that ghastly composition by the Bohemian composer Smetana, who, as he went deaf, heard one high shrill note incessantly, and finally went insane. I decided that it would be very easy to let these head noises drive me crazy. So I resolved to relax, accept them as part of me, and make no more of them than of the fact that I had ten fingers. Gradually the noises ceased. Either I grew too used to them to hear them, or grew deafer.

It is a well known peculiarity of my form of *tinnitus aurium* that I can hear in a noise better than a person of normal hearing. On a train or in an automobile when the engine is running I can hear what the average person cannot hear at all. When the murmur stops I lose the power. In a crowded noisy restaurant I can often hear casual remarks made at a great distance. When silence falls my magic power is gone. Also I have the common failing of the deaf—that of shouting my most private remarks and mumbling inaudibly things that anybody might hear for all I care. This is a mistake that has to be guarded against.

When I was rejected for service overseas, I pleaded that my special kind of deafness was just made for the racket of war. "Let me loose in a big battle with a barrage going and I'll hear what the Kaiser is whispering to Ludendorff." But the prayer was rejected because an officer stood behind me and murmured, "Have a drink?" and I did not hear him. They said this disqualified me for soldiering.

I tried everything I could hear of in the way of palliation or cure. Strangely, every new treatment seemed to



## THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER



## HOW TO STOP AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION!

— use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

**A**THLETE or not, your face takes plenty of punishment from your razor every day!

So, in order to prevent this after-shave irritation . . . to keep your face always fit and fresh . . . Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil.

It is also this same unique formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's richer, creamier lather—lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Why not get a tube—today!

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES

FOR **25¢**



work wonders the first day or so, but the benefit passed by. The improvement was probably due to excitement or hysterical increase of attention.

When I was in London many years ago, a very deaf American woman in my lodging house went to a much-advertised institution and came back to dinner with crescent-shaped plasters behind her ears. Everybody exclaimed upon the miraculous restoration of her hearing and she was frantic with joy. The next morning she was as deaf as ever and in the depths of grief. I read an article exposing the institution and visited it. It was entirely a fraudulent affair run by quacks. Yet the walls of the reception room were actually papered with testimonials.

I knew a prominent tenor who grew so deaf that he could not hear his friends scream at him, yet he stoutly maintained that he had been completely cured by a popular form of faith healing. Would he wear an ear machine? Never! It would have been sacrilege. He would not even cup his hand behind his ear. He preferred going on giving the wrong answers to questions.

Some of the doctors are as funny as the faith healers. One of the most eminent of aurists offered to cut out my eardrums and remove the little bones for a reduced rate of \$300. When I asked him why he wanted to do that, or what benefit he looked for, he answered:

"I don't expect any result, but I can't think of anything else to do."

I thought of several things to say, but he was much bigger than I was, and I bowed myself out, mumbling that I would think it over.

I am thinking it over but a family magazine would not dare print my thoughts.

**E**VENTUALLY I began to try various devices. I can usually hear music because the sound is sustained and usually amplified, but I was losing the precious privileges of the theater. I had given up going to any lectures except those I delivered myself, and I could hear those all too plainly.

I would spend a good deal of money on equipment and wait till the house was dark before I would slip the ear-piece into my ear. I would snatch it out again as the lights went up. I could not have been more ashamed of being caught in my underwear. It took me years to overcome this idiotic false modesty about my long ears.

In conversation I find that I can hear many people who articulate plainly even if they speak softly; but many people have so little control that when I say, "Louder, please!" they swallow their voices more and more. It is pleasant for the deaf to make fun of the others now and then.

During the last few years there has been such great improvement in ear machines and their adjustment that now I feel no more shame about wearing one in public than about wearing my spectacles or any other part of my clothes; and I have re-

gained an amazing part of life that I had lost so long I had forgotten how much and how fine it was.

In any case I had never been subject to the typical ailment of deaf people—a feeling that they are being talked about. This tends to make deaf people irascible and suspicious. At the same time other people are suspicious of the deaf. They often say that deaf people can always hear the things they are supposed not to hear.

This is an exaggeration, of course; but it is sometimes true, and for a simple reason: in ordinary conversation few people make any effort to focus their tones or articulate distinctly. We just wobble our lips and let the words spill. But when we want to convey a confidential remark to some one, we point the tone and speak with great distinctness. That is why a stage whisper carries so far. So, when you are trying to slip a message past a deaf person, you do the very thing he has ceased to implore you to do: you speak incisively.

**S**OME deaf people are only distraught and punished by some ear machines, because there are as many kinds of ear inefficiency as of eye failure, and there has to be very careful adjustment. When we go to the oculist for glasses we expect to be put through the most minute tests. The same care should be exercised in the selection of ear machines. A new profession is already growing up and many inventors are at work in various parts of the world. We can expect miracles almost any day now. Ear machines cannot harm the hearing. In fact by the increased stimulation and the encouragement of attention they usually improve it. Deaf people usually give up the effort to listen. It is very tiring.

People with normal ears do not realize how easily the attention wearies when the hearing is poor, and they are often unintentionally cruel and insulting, as the wife was who recently went with her husband to investigate an ear machine. When the salesman asked the man about his trouble, the wife snapped:

"Oh, he can hear well enough when he wants to pay attention!"

The husband winced. The salesman realized that here was another home where misfortune was producing bitterness, not tenderness.

People who can hear when on the alert, watching lips and eyes and gestures and reconstructing intermittent sounds into sentences that often do not make sense, grow quickly very weary. They are also embarrassed by feeling themselves nuisances, compelling people to shout or repeat. They find themselves making embarrassing or ridiculous comments because they have misunderstood and they feel that they are kill-joys in a group. So they tend to back out and simply smile and nod and pretend. Some of them find a hermitlike comfort in their solitude among crowds. Some, like Edison, rejoice in their ability to think out their own thoughts in the midst of stupid



chatter. But others grow resentful, morose, and feel themselves exiles in their own homes.

The blind cannot pretend to see. The deaf are always pretending to hear. People write poems about the blind, beautiful touching poems about the beauties they miss.

But they tell funny stories about the deaf, whose actual daily encounters are often distressing and not often funny. The deaf find themselves as embarrassing as they are embarrassed.

Yet they will go on suffering and inflicting suffering rather than wear an eartab.

The devastation that deafness wreaks upon unfortunate souls who have to earn their livings in fields where acute hearing is important is incalculable. Oncoming deafness inflicts a gruesome terror, and all too many employers are always seeking pretexts for discharging people. It gives them a sadistic pleasure, apparently. They do not welcome ear machines. But this prejudice will pass as rapidly as the prejudice against eyeglasses. In the meanwhile some of the deaf, of course, are too poor to purchase ear aids, which are of necessity expensive. They have trouble enough getting bread and milk. For these there is great need of outside help.

The League for the Hard of Hearing is doing a noble work but in a cruelly restricted fashion, for the great tides of philanthropy have not been turned in that direction. Perhaps now that foreign missions are coming to be regarded with discouragement, some of those millions may be turned toward saving the souls of the deaf at our own elbows. They are very shy and sensitive souls and some of them feel that "hard of hearing" is a hard term to bear. They have organized a League for Better Hearing.

**T**HE trouble with the deaf is that they need a revolution. They should stop their nonsense, accept their burden with frankness, thanking Heaven it is not a worse one. Those who can afford it should make a point of positively flaunting their ear machines so as to hasten the day when they will be no more conspicuous than wrist watches.

Women do not object to wearing earrings, often of fearful and wonderful design. Some rich people enjoy bizarre jewelry that is not at all expensive. Women have always loved to tuck things in their hair—tiaras, rats, hatpins, combs a mile high, what not. Why should they shudder at the thought of headbands or ear-pieces that will give them back the voices of their friends, music, the theater, the songs of birds, brook laughter? The time will come soon when these hearing appliances will be done up in diamonds, enamel, and barbaric colors.

Dentistry is almost as new an art—or industry?—as ear repair. It is a commonplace to meet young and charming people who brag of their

## HERE'S WHY TOM BEGAN TO "FEEL SNEEZY"...



## ...AND HERE'S WHY HE DIDN'T CATCH COLD



**QUICK!** at that first nasal irritation—he used Vicks Va-tro-nol\*—the clinic-tested aid in preventing colds. It is *real medication*—not mere "oil drops." It promptly aids nature's defense and helps to ward off many colds.

**I**F YOU still believe that when you feel the threat of a cold—there's nothing you can do to help head it off—then Vicks Va-tro-nol is great news!

At the first sign of any nasal discomfort, a sniffle or sneeze, use Vicks Va-tro-nol at once—a few drops up each nostril. It stimulates the natural cold-preventing functions of the nose, and thus helps avoid many a cold. But if a cold strikes without warning, as some do, Va-tro-nol helps throw it off in its early stages.

Or if a neglected head cold has reached that all-clogged-up stage, Va-tro-nol quickly clears the nasal passages, reduces swollen membranes and gives welcome relief!

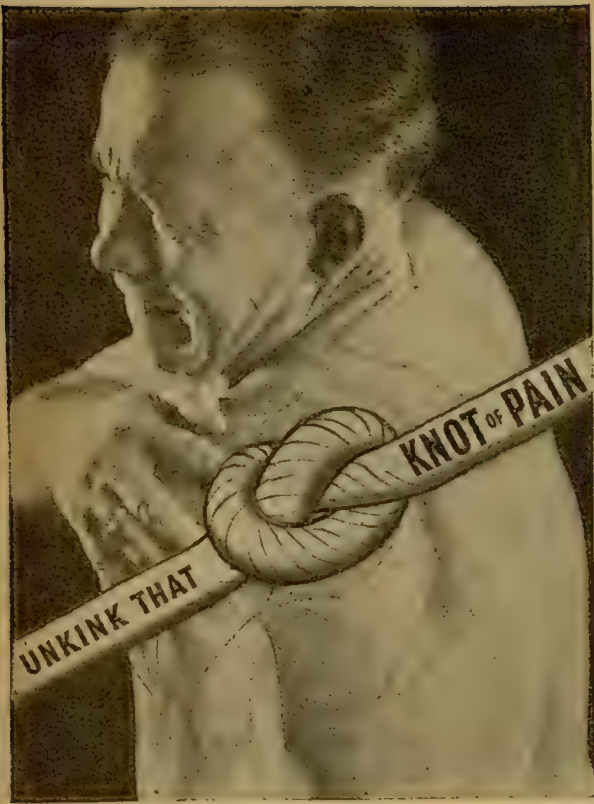
Va-tro-nol's effectiveness has been proved in thousands of clinical tests supervised by physicians. First introduced in 1931, Va-tro-nol is now relied upon in millions of homes.

**Don't trust to luck about colds.** Follow a definite Plan for fighting colds in your home! Vicks gives it to you in their practical, clinic-tested Plan for Better Control of Colds—now helping millions each year to have fewer, shorter and milder colds. (Details in each Vicks package). Or, full information about Vicks Plan together with free trial-package of Vicks Colds-Control aids sent for 3c in stamps to cover mailing. Address Vicks, 1043 Milton St., Greensboro, N. C.

**\* NOTE—for your protection:** The remarkable success of Vicks drops for nose and throat — has brought scores of "imitations." The trademark, Va-tro-nol, is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula. Always ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol.







## WITH SOOTHING ABSORBINE JR.

**Y**OU can take the word of athletes—men who *have* to get quick relief from bumps, bruises, or pain-knotted muscles. *The way to make that throbbing torture disappear is to rub on Absorbine Jr.*

No matter whether that ache comes from an accident, over-exercise or "the weather"—no matter whether it's in the muscles of your arm, your shoulder, your neck, your back or your legs—just massage the throbbing tissues with good old Absorbine Jr., and you can *feel* the delicious warmth sink in and the pain come OUT!

It makes you feel so good, you want to tell the world about it. Is there a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in your home now? There certainly ought to be. You can get it from any druggist—\$1.25—it takes so little to give relief that the cost per application is almost too small to figure. Or write for a free sample, addressing W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

## ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

complete new sets of china. They make a joke of it. When will the deaf acquire that first great principle of horse swapping and other businesses—brag about the weak points, the good will take care of themselves?

Deaf people sneak about the world because they think they are almost unique, singled out as victims of a rare and appalling curse. One of these fine days it will percolate into their brains that they are almost countless.

It is an absolute fact that in the United States alone there are five million people whose hearing is heavily impaired, and there are fifteen million people who are handicapped by impaired hearing. If all of these should suddenly decide that they would no longer handicap themselves for reasons of vanity or any other reason, ear appliances would be as familiar on our streets as eyeglasses and the world would take on a new meaning to a vast army.

The number of people in this country with impaired hearing is almost exactly the same as the number of voters for Herbert Hoover in 1932: 15,761,841—or if you prefer, the number of voters for Al Smith in 1928: 15,016,443.

There are as many deaf people in the United States as there are people of all sorts in New York City's boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. There are nearly twice as many deaf people in the United States as there are men and women and children of every sort in the whole city of Chicago. The deaf certainly cannot claim a lack of the company that misery is said to love, though deaf people do not love company.

**T**HERE are nearly as many deaf-mutes in the United States as there are blind people. It surprised me to find that in 1930 there were 63,489 blind persons and 57,084 deaf-mutes. Of the deaf-mutes many are learning both to hear and to talk. Even for the totally and hopelessly deaf there are constantly improved methods for acquiring equivalents of hearing.

After deafness has been allowed to progress to a certain point there is little hope of curing it. But for these unfortunates ear aids restore most of the loss. For the children, however, there is immense hope and immense need of artificial help. It is a comparatively recent discovery that many children accused of being defective mentally or morally or both were really suffering only from impaired vision, and the number of spectacled children is enormous.

It is the nature of the deaf to try to conceal their handicap, and young children begin the practice early. They will go to almost any length to conceal from their companions, their teachers, and even their parents the fact that they do not hear as well as the average. Many of them do not realize the fact themselves; they simply cannot dream that other people hear what they cannot. Countless mothers and fathers have reviled their

children for cantankerous viciousness and tried to beat the devil out of them when the poor things were merely hard of hearing. Countless children have been rated defective of mind when they were merely deficient in hearing.

**A**T a recent conference of the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing at Pasadena, a paper by Mrs. Homer Miller on The Problem of Mothering a Deaf Child was read. It was described in the paper for the deaf, Los Amigos, as a "modest, heart-appelling recital of the manner in which a pioneering mother heroically guided her gifted little daughter through a successful training with no precedent from which to derive inspiration or help. She emphasized the duty of parents to encourage the deafened child to a belief in its ability to lead a normal life, from which all reminder of the handicap is banished, and the part that the whole family should share in seeing that there is no hint of isolation, including the deafened member in general conversation as far as possible, and in social activities as well."

There is a vast field for humane endeavor among the throngs of children with subnormal hearing. The rich can take care of their own, but the poor have immense need.

The provision of entertainment for the hard of hearing is another great opportunity. During the reign of the silent pictures they were in paradise, for here they were the equals of anybody. The coming of the talking pictures was a great blow to them. Many theaters have special seats provided with ear machines, but the deaf hate to ask for them or to use them.

The worst affliction of the hard of hearing today is that stubborn reluctance to be honest with themselves or the public. The worst handicap of the deaf is self-imposed.

THE END

## Clinton L. Bardo to speak on Liberty Forum Broad- cast January 17

**C**LINTON L. BARDO, who as president of the National Association of Manufacturers is one of the leaders in industry's planning for economic recovery, will be guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast over the Columbia network Thursday, January 17, at 8.30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

In his capacity as president of the N. A. M. Mr. Bardo issued a nation-wide call for the first Congress of American Industry, held in New York during December, at which an Industrial Platform of Recovery was adopted. Out of this meeting developed the Joint Business Conference for Recovery held at White Sulphur Springs late in December, at which were adopted industry's unified recommendations that were submitted to the President.

Mr. Bardo will be introduced on the Forum of Liberty by Edwin C. Hill, famous commentator, and a musical program will be presented by Edward Nell, barytone, and an orchestra directed by Arnold Johnson.

The program will be broadcast over the following stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.



# When the Door Shut

A Short Short Story

by **ROGER BURLINGAME**

**L**ET'S go in here," said John; "the cocktails are good."

"It looks expensive. Are you rich, John?"

"Writing for the pictures in Hollywood," said John, "doesn't exactly lead to the poorhouse."

They had met by accident on Park Avenue after ten years.

Martha said: "When did you stop?"

"Loving you?"

"No; Hollywood."

"A week ago. I'm tired of writing. Tired of making up stories. I want a man's job."

They were silent while a waiter brought their glowing amber drinks. Then Martha said:

"Tell me about it, John."

"About doing stories in Hollywood?" he asked her.

"No. Your own story."

"I tried to put you out of my mind. You had made your choice and it was up to me to forget."

"Yes. I made the choice quite suddenly." She smiled, remembering it. "And then the first thing I knew you were gone. So you never thought of me again?"

"I thought about you all day on the day of your wedding, and then I shut the door."

"Did you read about my wedding in the papers?"

"I was in a place where I could see no papers. I went there deliberately. You told me the day the last time I saw you."

"Yes; so I did. After we had our row."

"I suppose I needn't ask if you are happy."

Martha laughed gayly and leaned toward him.

"Divinely!" she said.

"While you and Harry have been so divinely happy I've grown tired in my soul. Tired of my job, tired of life."

"That began—after you shut the door?"

"How could I go on thinking of you and Harry living on the farm we had chosen, carrying out our plans?"

"The farm is still lovely."

"I suppose you have horses too, and take riding trips, and camp by the brooks at night."

"Have you been spying on us, John?"

"And you've got cows, probably, and grow corn on the field by the road."

"The corn isn't doing well," said Martha; "it's a bad season, you know. Still, the cows are fine. Isabel is nearly old enough to milk them."

"So you gave your daughter my mother's name!"

"Is it—really, John? She's a darling. You must come up and see her."

"Come up," said John slowly, "to visit you and Harry."

"Harry is away at the moment—but I could hardly invite you when I'm alone."

"I suppose he's retired, the way I planned—"

"Yes, Harry has retired—bless him!"

John's big hands under the table twisted the little cocktail napkin into knots.

"You've done an unforgivable thing, Martha. If it pleased you to make use of my—well, call them dreams—in your life with another man, you might at least have spared me the details."

"They were my dreams too. Did you expect me to give them up?"

Yet even while she said these incredible things there was the old warmth in her laughter, and now, in her silence, she seemed to be reaching out to him. Then she said:



READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"Will you come over to my apartment?"

"I thought you lived in the country."

"Yes. But I have what rich people call a *pied à terre* in town. I'm quite rich at the moment. It's rather pleasant there. It's quite all right, my dear, seeing we've stopped—Harry doesn't mind my platonic friendships. And I've got some nice snapshots of the farm."

"I don't think I want to go on being tortured," he said.

Martha looked at him steadily a moment, and he saw the shadows of many inscrutable things passing across her eyes.

When she went out, he followed her.

Martha's *pied à terre* was one room, simple, quiet, and intimate.

The pictures struck John like a blow between the eyes. The old barn, the little bridge over the brook, the pond. He fought to hide his pain. Then he said:

"This is your boy."

"That's Jack—"

"You named him Jack? He doesn't look like you—or—or—"

"No. Strange, isn't it?"

"And this is your horse." John looked closer at the little photograph. "Funny—it looks like the farm horse old Mr. Bailey had when he owned the farm—when we dreamed of buying it." John looked up in sudden anger. "Why are you laughing?"

**S**HE stopped. She sat down beside him on the divan and put her hand over his.

"John, how you torture yourself! Do you remember how, day after day, you accused me of loving Harry? How you never let up on it until I was tired, and at last I let you have your way? And you went off then and shut the door—"

"But, Martha! Wasn't it true?"

"And so I went on dreaming of the farm. It's still for sale, John. At least it was last week-end when I went out to take those snapshots."

"But, Martha, you live there?"

"In my dreams, my dear."

"But the children—"

"Jack and Isabel. You don't know them, but old Bailey had a son."

"And your life?" he said. "Your happiness, your life with Harry—"

"Stories," said Martha. "Like my changing love those years ago, like my wedding, like your shutting that door."

She put her hands on his shoulders.

"Is it locked, my dear?"

But as John looked into the laughter and longing of her eyes, while the room and the river faded out, the truth still dodged him.

"And Harry too?" he said.

"Harry's a rich bachelor in San Francisco. I sent him away when you went."

"So you made it all up—you made it up to torture me!"

"Did I?" Her hands moved over his shoulders and then her arms closed round his neck. "Did I make it up, my funny, tragic, romantic, story-writing boy? Did I? Or did you?"

THE END



# SWIFT, SENTIMENT

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary  
3 stars—Excellent

2 stars—Good  
1 star—Poor

0 star—Very Poor

## ★ ★ ★ THE SECRET BRIDE

**THE PLAYERS:** Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Grant Mitchell, Douglas Dumbrille, Arthur Byron. Directed by William Dieterle.

**THE SECRET BRIDE** is not, as you might expect from its title, a melodramatic romance from the nifty '90s. It's an up-to-date and swiftly paced political tale which features two murders and a suicide, some enlightening glimpses into modern crime detection, and is topped off with a striking performance by Grant Mitchell.

So packed with plot that it has no time for charm or humor, the film handles its meaty story with unfaltering dexterity and sustains the pace of its swift introduction right through to the surprise climax.

In no sense a great picture, but a compact one for all its many ingredients, and of real suspense, *The Secret Bride* opens with the marriage of Barbara Stanwyck, the governor's daughter, to Warren William, the district prosecuting attorney. Hardly have they finished the ceremony when William is informed that his office has certain proof that the governor has accepted bribes from a recently pardoned convict. As a public prosecutor it's William's duty to convict the governor; but even in the face of mounting incriminating evidence, and at the risk of his position, he delays action for his wife. She brings the situation to a point herself when, visiting her husband's office at what is known as an indiscreet hour, she sees outside the murder of his assistant.

To admit seeing the murder is to acknowledge her marriage to the attorney and thereby weaken her father's defense. But secrecy might cause the conviction of an innocent secretary, Glenda Farrell.

With this interwoven set-up, and with the reputations and lives of the four principals involved, *The Secret Bride* races to its dénouement. Director Dieterle has fashioned a neat, swift, and plausible film from this, one of no mood or depth but of deftly sustained interest and sleek finish.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** The *Secret Bride* is next to her last film for Warner Brothers by La Barbara Stanwyck. North Shore, just completed, is the last. She's reported to have offers from three other companies, all of which are willing also to take Frank Fay, her husband, in the deal, just to get her. That's the Hollywood talk, anyhow. La Stanwyck always uses the name of Fay except on the screen. She met Warren William, her leading man, for the first time on *The Secret Bride* set, although both have had the same bosses for over two years. She is a firm believer in lace as a beauty aid. The Stanwyck-Fay ménage includes a main house, laundry, servants' quarters, gymnasium, "party house," outdoor swimming pool, bicycle track, tennis courts, formal and informal gardens. An artificial brook runs under the living room of the main house, with that part of the house on stilts to permit said riparian rights. This entire beauteous Fay castle is hemmed in by a high white stucco wall enmeshed in rambler roses. . . . Which reminds me that Warren William's new estate near Encino, California, is in its last stages of completion. It will have a 20,000-gallon swimming pool. The William (W. W. Krech) is planning to produce a movie of his own. Will write story, direct, act as cameraman, prop boy, grips, set dresser, and moneybags. Will then show it in his private projection room. Will do everything but appear in it. William raises dogs, wins blue ribbons with them at shows. Invents goofy gadgets, including a dummy fencing opponent, a revolving dog house, special suit hangers, and I wonder if he could fix me up with a combination golf and moth ball—to hang in the closet in the cold spell and to drive in the spring? William is the Warner Brothers-Liberty Magazine's own celluloid Perry Mason, ace gumshoer. . . . Glenda Farrell (rumored romancing with Ronnie Simon, wealthy New York clothing-shop man, following busting up of the romance with Robert Riskin) is just about the fastest feminine talker on the screen. Is also a hot shot with the .22 rifle, winning a marksmanship contest at the

## A Close-Packed Political Tale for Miss Heights for Miss Hepburn, and an Exercise

studios recently. What a gal to marry—whew! Has sworn off vacations, having had a nervous breakdown and an appendectomy on her last one. Is a champion worrier, particularly about her son Tommy. Wants him to be one swell guy when he grows up.

## ★ ★ THE LITTLE MINISTER

**THE PLAYERS:** Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, Alan Hale, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, Andy Clyde, Beryl Mercer, Billy Watson, Dorothy Stickney, Frank Conroy. Directed by Richard Wallace. Story by Sir James M. Barrie.

**THE LITTLE MINISTER**, which presents Katharine Hepburn as a Scotch lass of the woods in the middle nineteenth century, is spotted with several moments of wistful appeal and humor, but so overlong that it outlives the fragile elusiveness of its mood. Flavored with quaint settings and given some sound playing by Hepburn, John Beal, Alan Hale, and Andy Clyde, the picture as a whole emerges as no more than a string of loosely connected but excellent bits. Beal's performance especially—that of the young minister who masters his new congregation—is one of the bright spots of the current cinema season.

The little minister, having trouble enough of his own trying to hold his church and save one of his flock from drunkenness, finds his life further complicated by becoming entangled with the elfin Miss

Hepburn. When news of the minister's clandestine romance seeps through to his congregation, the church drunkard goes on a prolonged bat, showing that if one is dead set on it any excuse is good enough for drinking. The drunkard's son then convinces Hepburn that, for the good of the minister, the congregation, and his besotted father, she should leave town.

The film finally reaches its climax when the little minister finds his girl again; but it does not actually end until the churchgoers strike and the minister gets himself accidentally stabbed in the uprising.

Hepburn, certainly one of the strongest screen personalities to blossom in the last few years, again misses the heights of her early successes in *Little Women* and *Morning Glory*. The *Little Minister* retains some of Barrie's whimsy, it has some unforgettable characters, and it sometimes attains a feeling not often captured on the screen. But most of these things die from prolonged exposure.

Warren William and Barbara Stanwyck in *The Secret Bride*.



Barrie's play, *The Little Minister*, is Miss Hepburn's latest starring vehicle. With her is shown John Beal.





# AL, SKETCHY by BEVERLY HILLS

## Stanwyek, Something Less than the in Weeping as a Sequel to Little Women

**VITAL STATISTICS:** The Little Minister appeared serially in novel form in a London magazine in 1891. As a novel later it was an immediate best-seller and the author's native village of Thrums, scene of the story, became one of the most famous hamlets in the world and its people the world's neighbors. The American edition of the book also took like wild-fire and to date a million copies have been sold. Barrie himself dramatized the play—the public demanding it—in 1897. The script crossed the ocean, falling into the hands of Charles Frohman, then rising to prominence as our leading theatrical producer. He gave the part of Babbie to a young and lovely actress named Kiskadden, from Salt Lake City. You may have heard of her under the name of Maude Adams. Overnight Miss Adams became a sensation. She played Babbie 300 consecutive performances on Broadway. She revived it time after time after that, playing in it for a brief time in 1916 at the patrician Empire Theater, New York. Ruth Chatterton, as inheritor of the Adams tradition, also revived it briefly in 1925. As for its screen history: Vitagraph bought the rights to the novel but neglected to do anything about them immediately. In 1921 Paramount decided to produce The Little Minister, but Vitagraph clung tenaciously to its rights to the novel. Paramount pulled a slick one: it quietly bought the play rights and produced the first filming surreptitiously and silently. Meanwhile Vitagraph, getting wind of the Paramount production, rushed its story into making, and turned out a hurry-up job which arrived in the celluloid market places at about the same time as Paramount's. This is the first talkie version. . . . "One time the wild heart of the gypsy—the next the humble heart of the prophet," is the extravagant way a friend describes Katharine Hepburn. Though she denies it, the Hepburn is a self-made woman. One of the several children of Dr. Hepburn of Hartford, Connecticut, she went theatrical despite her pa's emphatic "No!" and a yawning social career as a Hartford debutante. Small parts in stock companies led to big parts in big shows. She was fired once when she insisted on doing something her way. She recently became demarried from a plain Mr. Smith, New York stockbroker, for reasons unknown. Her heart at present is supposed to be her own. . . . John Beal now owns the Barrie Bible, which has passed to each of the actors who played the little minister rôle. Barrie gave it to Robert Edson back in 1897; Edson passed it over to George Hackathorne when the silent version was made; and Hackathorne personally called on the set and handed it to Beal.

### ★ LITTLE MEN

**THE PLAYERS:** Ralph Morgan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Junior Durkin, Cora Sue Collins, Phyllis Fraser, Frankie Darro, David Durand, Dickie Moore, Tad Alexander, Buster Phelps, and others. Directed by Phil Rosen. Story by Louisa M. Alcott.

**L**ITTLE WOMEN closed with the marriage of Jo to her German musician. Little Men picks up where its predecessor left off, and though it advances the story we can't say that the new film offers any step forward in entertainment, for it is a loosely constructed item of sketchily drawn characterizations and has neither vigor, charm, nor suspense.

Jo and her husband run a polite school for polite boys. They take in a street urchin, and later, at his pleading, they take in his friend. In the unjustified punishment and teasing that follow, these common boys prove themselves as honorable as any young gentlemen in the school and just as capable at crying. Every boy in the picture—there are about ten of them—is given an equal chance at crying, with the hon-

ors pretty evenly divided. Carrying on in the tradition which Jackie Cooper has set, each does a man-size job.

In settings and costumes Little Men matches the homespun spirit of its times, but its bid for sympathy is so broad and mawkish that it never achieves its end. We found the film no worse than a bad cold, and suspect the little boys at whom it may be aimed will yell, "Sissy!"

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Despite all the sophisticates, the parodists, the sneerers, and the superintellectuals, Louisa M. Alcott persists with her cheerful wholesomeness. The gentle, capable Louisa was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832. Like her ma, she felt deeply the family trials and privations caused by the impracticability of her father, Amos Bronson Alcott. She kept a journal as a girl, and it reflected her ambition to earn money to make her family big-bad-wolf-proof. She opened her commercial career as a dolls' dressmaker, and in a few years shouldered anything—even domestic service—to pay off the family's debts. She interpolated these efforts with writing potboilers of the wilder sweetheart-story school of fiction. These brought five to ten bucks and worked off her excess pep. The Baron's Glove and A Whisper in the Dark were samples of this throbbing stuff. She finally crashed the Atlantic Monthly in 1850, and got the queenly sum of fifty dollars for a story. It rocketed her happiness heavenward. Her first book was Flower Fables, written for a friend's little Ellen; but it took Hospital Sketches to make her into a celebrity. They were a record of six weeks as a nurse in the Georgetown, D. C., Union Hospital. This six weeks, combined with overwork, finally killed her. She wrote hastily and between sick spells. Poverty ruled her writing in her early days. In later life she wrote from nervous restlessness and a desire to give to others. Her lavish gifts of money and personal service to her family and to friends and strangers is fabulous. She has held her position as-ace children's favorite through several generations and bids fair to hold it further. She owes the present production of her next to most famous and lasting work to one Nat Levine, a Hollywood idealist (and head of Mascot Pictures). He has always dreamed of the day when Hollywood would give up its horrid sexphobia and turn to the wholesome simplicities so dear to his childhood.



Erin O'Brien-Moore, Ronnie Crosby, Eddie Dale Heiden, David Durand, and Ralph Morgan in Little Men.

### Champions of 1934

**W**E don't know what can be proved by it, but here is a certified list of the most popular players of 1934. While this list, compiled by the Motion Picture Herald, a trade publication, may not be entirely accurate, as only independent exhibitors were questioned—the chain theaters, comprising the most important factor in showdom, having been skipped—still, these selections are colored by no personal tastes, the stars being rated only on their box-office draw for the year.

Here they are in the order of their importance. We think you'll find some surprises. Look at the handsome young juvenile who heads the list.

- |                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Will Rogers.   | 6. Joan Crawford.  |
| 2. Clark Gable.   | 7. Bing Crosby.    |
| 3. Janet Gaynor.  | 8. Shirley Temple. |
| 4. Wallace Beery. | 9. Marie Dressler. |
| 5. Mae West.      | 10. Norma Shearer. |

### FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary.





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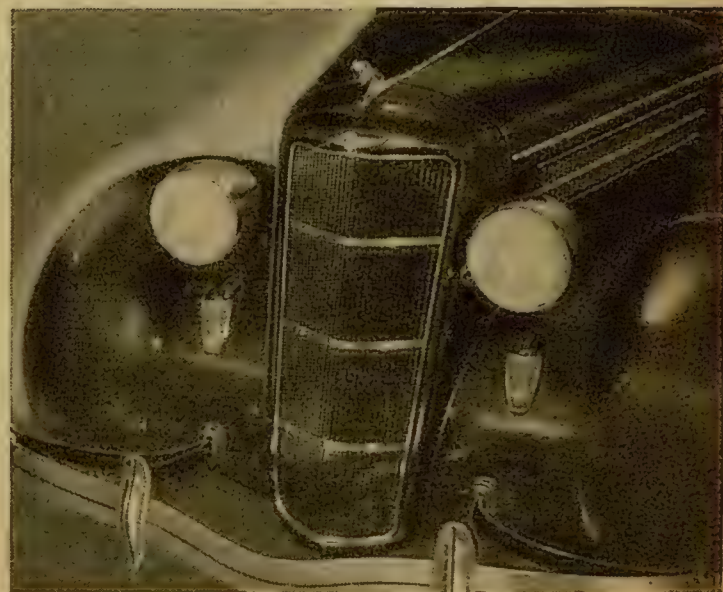
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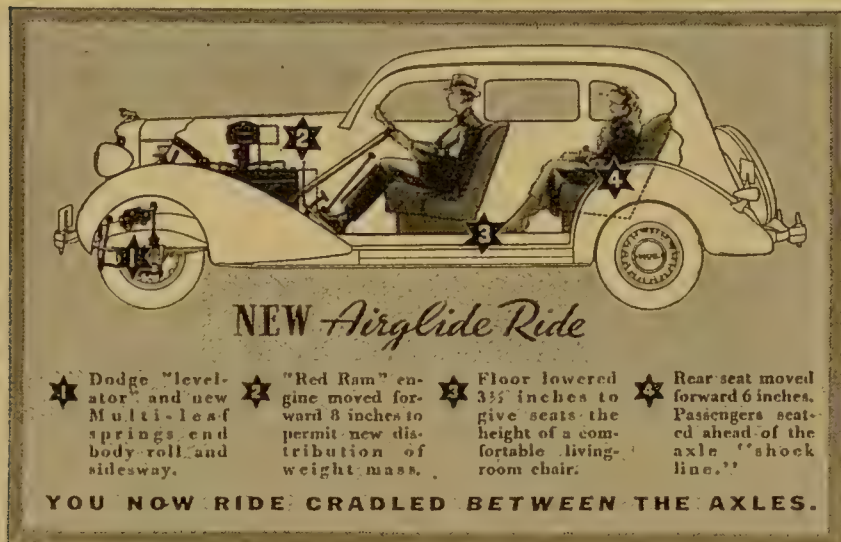
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# Passport TO HELL

*The Story of a Man Who Faced Death and Found  
Love in One of Earth's Far Corners*

by **JAMES WARNER BELLAH**

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

**H**AVING lost his job as an advertising copy writer in New York, John Sargent, with \$3,200 saved, starts batting around the world until the depression lifts. He lands, via Yokohama, Hongkong, Singapore, and Bengan, in Telik, capital of a minute Oriental country, and at the Royal and Chaldean Hotel falls in with a strange and sinister company.

Douglas Hambro, a disgraced Englishman, and Phil Greystone, an oil man, fugitive from American justice, are drilling an oil well. Doc Gerrity, a gunrunner, and Joe, the hotel bartender, also are trying for oil, and steal Sargent's passport to bring in McGuire, a rival driller. The only person

Sargent trusts is Greystone's sister, Alayne, who is loved by Hambro.

Without his passport Sargent is virtually a prisoner in Telik. Urfa, capital of the surrounding country, forbids entry of strangers without credentials, fearing revolutionary plots. Sargent resigns himself to the situation, chiefly because of the attractions of Alayne, and sees her brother bring in a gusher. A riffraff of gamblers and ruffians, leftovers from more prosperous days in Telik, rush to the scene from their hangout in Sweeney's Hotel and demand to be cut in on the oil. Gerrity kills one, and he and Joe align themselves with Greystone and Hambro for an impending battle for possession of the well. Greystone is stabbed by the dead ruffian's woman.

King Furd of Telik dies and, left without a ruler, there is danger of the little country being taken over by Urfa and the oil concession pirated. However, Furd left a small son, and Hambro enlists the aid of Sidi and Adgidi, native leaders, in a plan to establish a regency with the boy as nominal ruler. Thus he hopes to maintain Telik's independence and the protectorate under which the old king ruled. Alayne laughs at Hambro's ambitious plan.

## PART THREE—THE BATTLE BEGINS

**D**OUGLAS," Alayne said, "it is all too ridiculous!" "Yes," he told her. "I realize that. I have appointed Mr. Sargent court jester. He is to laugh at the whole thing whenever it becomes too serious for anything else."

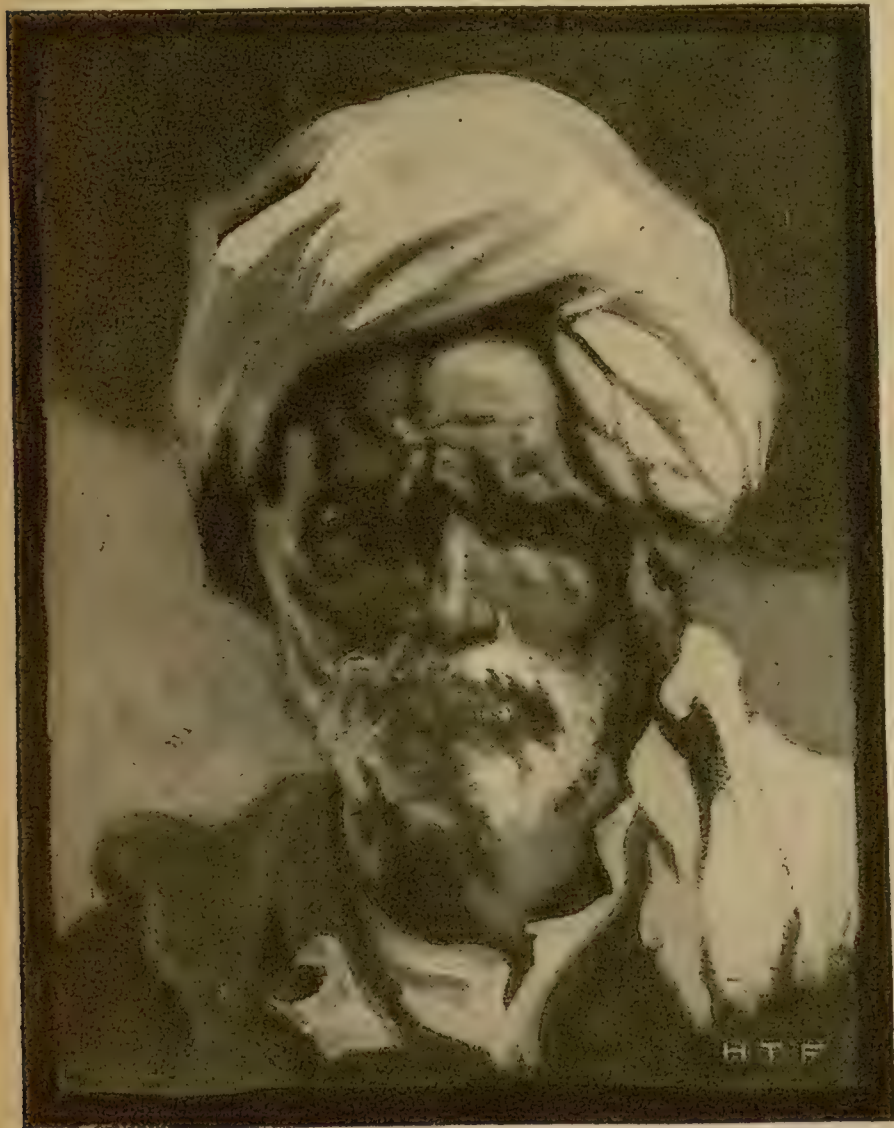
"I hope," she said, "that nothing you do will make it so very serious that all qualities of amusement will go from it."

"Nothing I do will make me forget that you and Phil are my friends," Hambro said to her. "Whatever happens here—you two come first in my heart. We have had a splendid time fighting boredom here together. Don't let's fight among ourselves now that we've got something really worth-while to interest us."

She smiled. "You're an amazing person, Douglas."

"I wish you really thought so," he said. "Sargent—will you bring that abominable car of Mrs. Mumatz's around front for me?"

I wanted to get out of it—and I got, because there was something desperate in Hambro's soul for that girl and it hurt to see it there. I don't think he knew it was there; but if he did, it was buried by an iron-willed sense of decency between the mess he had made of his past and the light froth with which he faced the present. For Alayne's part, she couldn't possibly see it, for he never faced her with anything but the faint mockery of his smile.







Alayne was standing there watching me. She said, "Can you laugh at this, Mr. Sargent?"

When I got back with the car, she was gone and Hambro was talking to Joe and Gerrity, Sidi and Adgidi.

"T'e old men," Sidi was saying, "have take t'e dead king to t'e ancient tombs where he is to rest. T'ey have been gone t'ese two hour—and t'e soldiers with t'em. T'ey will not get t'ere and be back for four days. T'ey walk all t'e way."

"My friends, we've got to get Furd's son here and keep him here," Hambro said to Joe and Doc.

"What the hell!" Joe looked at him. "Are you plumb loco?"

Doc spat. "Who pays for his board?"

Joe scratched his head. "What for do we have to get him?"



Hambro said, "As long as we have him, he's our authority for any action we take on his behalf. If any one else gets him, they are the regency and we're sunk. If Sweeney and Papanasstassiou had any sense they would have taken him to Urfa this afternoon. They didn't—but I'm not going to give any one else a chance to think of that idea. I'm going to keep him right here, so I know where he is."

"It sounds like a heap of trouble," Doc said, "and a lot of expense."

"But it may be worth a million pounds."

"Let's get him," Doc said; "in that case let's get him!"

Five minutes later we were rattling through town, Hambro, Doc, Joe in his derby hat, and I in one car, Sidi and Adgidi in the other. We bounced across the bridge and drew up in front of the gates of the stucco palace. Hambro got out and talked to the sentry for a moment in flowing periods, with gestures.

"All right!" he called to us. "The general idea has been explained and the army concurs. Come along."

He chuckled softly at intervals as we followed him up to the sentry box, through the gate in the picket fence, and down the avenue of moth-eaten palms to the palace entrance. There was no sentry on the porch, so we trooped up behind Hambro and followed him into the stucco atrocity.

That hallway smelt as if hams had been boiling in it behind tightly closed doors—hams that had been left after the water evaporated until they crumbled eventually into hard cindery dust.

Two sleepy soldiers lying at the foot of the stairs sat up and blinked in amazement. Hambro spoke to them. A door at the left opened and a fat old woman poked a sleep-caked face into the hallway.

"Bow," Hambro told us. "This is the queen dowager."

Again he took the lead, addressing the sleepy woman in words evidently of great import and dignity, to judge by his gesticulations. She stared at him as a child stares at a circus mountebank.

THE soldiers stood up and gaped open-mouthed. Gerrity had the solemn dignity of an elderly spinster at prayer meeting agreeing with the minister's sermon. Finally the fat woman opened the door for us. We trooped in, our hats in our hands.

His Majesty King Furd III of Telik was sitting up in an enameled iron bed where he had been taking his siesta, rubbing his eyes with two chubby fists. He was wearing a blue-and-white-striped nightshirt of silk, evidently his late father's, for it was all of seven sizes too large for the boy. Two other fat women with younger children in their arms were sitting on couches, clutching their robes tightly to their necks in fear and trembling. The woman who had opened the door to the—I suppose I should call it—royal bed-chamber, for us, grunted briefly.

Douglas Hambro advanced to the king's bedside and bowed gravely. But his sovereign, not knowing what was toward, would have none of it. He howled and sprang up, trembling, his back to the red-green-and-yellow-flowered wall. Hambro cleared his throat and delivered

himself of the most lengthy address so far. Under the soothing flow of his words the boy relaxed, and presently sat down cross-legged on his bed and smirked. Hambro went on and on and on, ending by turning to us with a wave of his hand.

"Bow," he said, "and kneel."

"The hell I will!" snorted Joe. "Not to a little pick-aninny!"

"Bow anyway," Hambro said. "And he's not a pick-aninny. The blood of Ptolemy flows in his veins." We bowed.

The king jerked his head in acknowledgment.

We retired and waited outside on the porch for the queen and the boy to get ready. Sidi and Adgidi were very solemn and long-faced about the whole proceeding. After all, this was their country and it was a fairly serious crisis they were facing. The four soldiers the funeral cortège had left behind drew themselves up in the yard below us.

WHEN His Majesty came out, the soldiers presented arms and again we took off our hats. He got into Mrs. Mumatz's car with his mother and Sidi and Hambro. The four soldiers stood on the running board, two on each side, holding on to the car, their rifles, and the king's nondescript luggage.

Gerrity, Joe, and I got into Adgidi's car, with Adgidi driving.

It was after four o'clock and the heat was gone from the day. Long blue shadows lay across the lower end of the Ronda. There were half a dozen figures straggling up the rise to the gusher again. As we crossed the bridge we could see the blue iridescent flow of oil covering the whole creek bottom and rising slowly against the dam of palmetto logs. A steady rivulet of the stuff flowed sullenly down the slope from the gusher above.

There were half a dozen men on the veranda of Sweeney's Hotel, and there was a girl there with one eye smeared shut and a nose like a bluish beet. Frome's girl, apparently, that Joe had pasted after she cut Phil Greystone.

The thought had no more than registered when somebody in the mob fired at us from snap and burned four quick ones through the air not eighteen inches from our heads. They whined like whip thongs.

Gerrity got half up in his seat, tugging for his own cannon to hand it back. But Adgidi, at the wheel, would

have none of it. He bore down on the gas so quickly that Doc sprawled on to Joe's lap and punched two teeth into his lower lip when his chin bumped the crown of Joe's head. He could still say things though, and he said them plenty.

"Yeah?" the girl yelled back at him. "We'll burn you bums out by midnight!"

At the Royal and Chaldean, when Mrs. Mumatz saw the king she very nearly went all to pieces. She gave him a top-floor suite of three rooms and she saw to it personally that he was installed in it with his mother and his soldiers. One of them Hambro put on sentry go in the street in front, for the moral effect of it, and the other three he set up in a sort of guardroom next to the royal bed-chamber.

Gerrity said, "Somebody at Sweeney's tried to smoke us on the way





back. Suppose we go down and clean up on them."

"Suppose we don't," Hambro said, "until we find out just what it is that Sweeney and Papanasstassiou have done this afternoon in Urfa."

I went up to the room they had given me, peeled to the altogeth'er, wrapped a towel about my middle, and reached for a cigarette with some idea of lighting it and flopping across the bed for a breather before a shower. I even went so far in my casualness as to light my match. But I never lit the cigarette. Instead I put down the match and the cigarette and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"My God!" I said out loud—and the sound of my voice startled me in the silence of the room. "You get off a boat not yet twenty-four hours ago. You lose your passport like a drunken schoolboy in Paris—you're in cahoots with a murderer—you're in on an oil steal—you've helped make a king—you've met a magnificent woman—and you may not live one hour more yourself."

Outside my windows the darkness was coming down on Telik without any preliminaries—it was roaring down like a fast train that tears through a station without stopping. The street lights sprinkled on in the Ronda and the far line of the graying ocean faded into velvet mist.

I lay back across the bed, and what with the scant four hours' sleep of the night before, I sank into one of those clubbed dozes that leave you with a Balkan taste in your mouth, with stiff knees and feet, with a hatred for the first person you see when you awake. It was nine thirty when I awoke.

I SHOWERED. I was too late for dinner. I dressed and went down into the lobby. Hambro was sitting there smoking. He punched out his cigarette and stood up.

"How would you like to take a walk, Sargent?" We stepped out into the Ronda just as the street lights went out.

"I arranged that with Sidi," Hambro said. "I want the town damned dark tonight. Come on."

We crossed the street and started down in the direction of Mahomet Sweeney's, hugging the dark shadows of the buildings opposite. We turned up the last cross street before we got to Sweeney's and slid along under cover of a projecting shed roof until we could almost see into Sweeney's windows.

There were lights on in the lower floor. We could see a crowd of men in the wash of the new moon that had crept up over the desert. They were standing in a knot on the side street, but although we could hear the low rumble of voices we couldn't catch any words.

We stood for a few moments watching and listening at the corner of the ramshackle godown on the next block behind. A door opened presently, throwing an oblong of yellow light into the faces of the crowd. There were one or two girls. The shrillness

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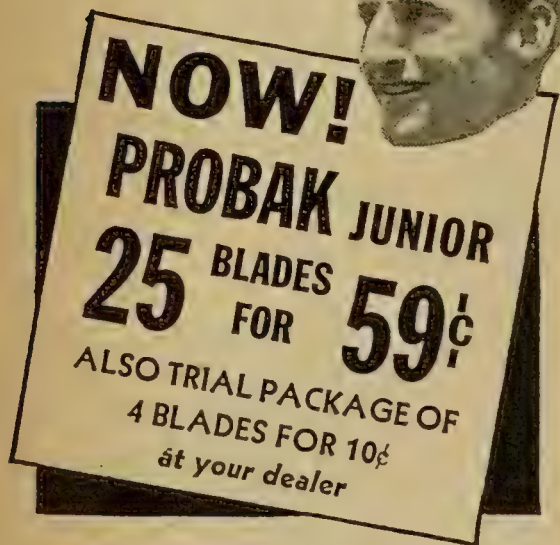
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of their voices struck above the deeper mumble.

A man in the doorway raised his arm and pointed toward the Ronda. There was the sound of an exhaust and presently a car turned the corner. The crowd straggled to meet it.

Hambro touched my arm. "That's the car that went to Urfa with Sweeney and Papanasstassiou. Stay right where you are—I'll be back in a few minutes."

He crouched down and went forward into the yard until the shadows hid him. Then he must have gotten down on his stomach and crawled, for I couldn't see him even when he passed the lights from the windows.

He was back in ten minutes. He touched my arm and scared hell out of me. Then we were both streaking it for the Royal and Chaldean.

Hambro went straight to the bar entrance, with me at his heels. Doc Gerrity and Joe were waiting for him apparently.

"Well?" Doc asked him.

Hambro grinned. "They want the king," he said. "Sweeney and Papanasstassiou are going to take him to Urfa. After that Urfa will talk business. They should be up here after His Majesty as soon as the moon goes down."

Doc spat on the floor. "Now we'll just get the reception ready for 'em. I sort of like the king, now we've got him." He crossed to the wall and untied the rope that held the center oil lamp. "Blow that out, Sargent, while I hold it."

I lifted the globe and snuffed the lamp out. The rope creaked in the pulley as Doc hoisted it up again. "Get the lights out in the lobby now. Joe, you go around and lock up—tell Mrs. Mumatz she's not to open the door for no one. No need of barricading—they won't get through what I've got for 'em. Come on. If they want the king they've got to buy him"—he chuckled—"and he comes dear."

**WE** stumbled after him, in the darkness, down the passage to his room. Joe was shooting the bolts on the outer door. He crossed the flagging and came in.

"Get into the dining room and take a couple of tables upstairs. Put one in Hambro's room and one in the bathroom at the end of the hall."

Hambro lit his cigarette, and in the light of the match I could see Doc bending over the guns that were parked side by side in two rows along the walls of his room. They were neat little typewriters on duralumin tripods that went together with locked bayonet joints something like the Binet-Mercier. The recoil pumped a jet of water through the cooling rings and out under the gun. Doc said they had six hundred and fifty shots a minute in them with a test firing record of no hang-ups in nine thousand rounds. Instead of a spade grip they had pistol grips for both hands, with a trip like a rifle trigger. They looked persuasive enough to put heart into the most timid regency.

Doc shoved a gun toward me. "Get that over your shoulder and take it up to Hambro's room." In a few moments we had all twelve guns on the second floor. On my last trip I met Joe halfway up the stairs with two tables, top to top, resting on his head.

We set up Hambro's room first, as his window gave on the Ronda in the direction of Sweeney's Hotel. Doc came up presently and moved the table into the center of the room. On top of it he placed a Thompsons with its cooling tube in Hambro's water pitcher. With the blinds part way open and propped with chairs, he jockeyed the table about until the gun's arc of fire commanded the street below without having the table near enough to the window to be seen in the moonlight.

"That's right, I guess. Just stand by it now, somebody."

**JOE** and I followed him down the hall to the bathroom at the other end of the building. There we placed the second gun commanding the street in the opposite direction, and left Joe on duty.

"You ain't to do nothing until they get past that last telegraph pole, Joe—then give it to 'em. And don't be smoking near the window. Crouch in the corner if you want to smoke, and cup your hands over your butt. All right, young fella."

He took my arm and led me back down the hall, where two more guns were standing at the top of the stairs. He opened the blinds to the balcony over the street entrance and slid one of the typewriters forward until the muzzle stuck just beyond two of the stone spindles of the balustrade.

"Get yourself a chair—that's where you spend the night."

The other gun he moved up behind me, pointing across the hall toward the stairhead and the doorway that opened on the outside stairs to the courtyard below. "Just in case they get as far as doing a little second-story work," he chuckled, and I heard the cylinder of his revolver spinning under his thumb. I pulled up a chair and sat down inside the balcony shutters. Doc bent over to unlace his shoes; then I heard him walking down toward Hambro's room in his stocking feet.

A few minutes later two of Furd's soldiers were carrying Phil Greystone up the stairs. Then Mrs. Mumatz came up, and that meant every one was off the ground floor.

Gerrity put one of Furd's men on gun watch in Hambro's room while he and the Englishman went up to the roof to set up two more guns.

There was a breath in the darkness behind me. Alayne was standing there watching me. I put that down because it was the last decent thing I remember for hours. I was glad that she *was* there, for it gave some reason to all this preparation. She lit a cigarette for me and held it out. She said, "Can you laugh at this, Mr. Sargent?" and somehow I knew that the amazing woman was smiling.

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"I don't know," I told her; "I haven't tried." Then I did smile and I reached a hand out to her and took hers and shook it once. "Thanks," I told her. "I needed that—I needed it badly. You're one hell of a swell person. For God's sake, don't get hurt when the fireworks start."

"Don't you," she said. And she went back into the room they had taken her brother into.

Silence settled down over the building like a heavy damp fog—silence broken by vague squeaks and thumps, the noises of old buildings at night, but magnified presently by the darkness and my nerves into ominous creepings and the sound of stealthy footsteps in the lobby below. I sat there listening to my own breathing and the occasional rasp of Greystone's troubled snores down the passageway, wondering if I could bring myself to turn the gun loose on a mob in the street below. I saw myself carried out limp and slack with my chest torn to shreds—carried out and dumped into a shallow grave, as Bill Frome had been dumped—and I wished myself heartily out of Telik. There would be jackals soon to scamper and paw—to snuffle and tear that grave with sharp white teeth. I thought of Alayne in the room with her brother, and I was glad the room was at the back away from the street.

The palms of my hands were wet and the chill of the sleeping desert crept in to lay clammy fingers on my spine and the dampness of my sweat-soaked shirt. Out there beyond the town that infernal gusher was still spouting under the dying moon, and the sound of it was echoing up the creek banks—echoing on like cruel laughter at the foibles of men.

I CREPT along the wall shadows until I could see up the Ronda, then I knelt down and crawled out on the balcony. The street lay empty and deserted under my eyes and the lights were gone from Sweeney's Hotel. How long I lay there thinking and staring, I don't know; but I was about to crawl back inside and take up my vigil in the chair again, when a shadow moved in the deeper blackness of the second street corner down. For a moment I thought it was some trick of my eyes. Then it moved again, crouching and sliding along the front of the old post office, and there was a flash of metal as it moved.

I flattened myself against the stone and inched backward until my knee was under the bicycle seat on the gun tripod. The gun rattled slightly, and I held my breath as I raised myself up on my hands. The shadow edged out behind a telegraph pole and lifted its arm. Two more shadows not half a block away crawled out and lay flat in the gutter. I stood up and straddled the gun's seat, feeling for the pistol grips with fingers that were all fumbling thumbs.

"Steady," whispered a voice behind me. "Take your time." Doc was standing with his back to the wall peering out over my hunched shoul-

ders, and as I looked at him I saw his teeth gleam in the reflected light.

"Never get previous with your presents," he said—"always wait till Christmas." His breathing fanned harshly against the back of my neck for a moment; then he laid a hand on my shoulder and bent down with his lips to my ear.

"THERE'S your meat." He pointed to the side street. "There's a crowd of 'em coming around through the back gate into Ah Wing's junk yard. We could see 'em from Hambro's side window. If they set foot into the Ronda before I get back, give it to 'em quick about waist high." His steps creaked down the hallway toward the bathroom, where Joe was on lookout.

I sat there straining my eyes at the two men in the gutter and the one behind the telegraph pole. I remember wondering what Doc would do to me if I didn't fire, and deciding that it would be something quick and infinitely damp, I wished the girl would come out again.

Directly across the way there was a two-story building that had been used for offices and lofts in the boom days. Its windows stared blankly like the eyes of a harmless idiot. The house on the opposite corner was little more than a rambling shack one story high, with the rest of the lot boarded up behind it to inclose the old junk yard. I could see about ten or fifteen feet of the fence from where I

sat. If they came out from there in a rush, it would take them only a few seconds to reach the door of the hotel.

The two men in the gutter were inching slowly up the street on their elbows and knees. The man who had jumped behind the telegraph pole stepped backward and flattened himself against one corner of the post office. Then, as I watched, he dashed across the side street and crouched in the shadow of Ah Wing's building, beckoning to the other two to follow him across. Still there was no movement from the yard behind. My own breath was rattling in my teeth so loudly that I held it without being conscious of what I was doing until I believe I must have gone black in the face.

I say this because I don't wish it to be thought that I waited there with any degree of calmness or enjoyment.

FRANKLY, I was stiff with nerves, and I don't put that down off-handedly either. My papers show that I went in at St. Quentin, and I believe that qualifies me to know what nerves are. All I know about St. Quentin to this day is an endless slobby road with hell cutting loose in front in fire and ghastly thunder, and people grunting and pitching down all around me, and my throat completely closed, my hands pumping a rifle bolt like Billy-bedamned, and I wouldn't have known to this day who that man was if a lieutenant hadn't given him a swift boot in the pants, called him by my name, and shoved him in among a



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crowd of other mud-covered wretches down in a ravine while the Hundred and Something went through what was left of us.

And I felt much the same way there on the balcony. I seemed to be gone away somewhere—not there at all except in disembodied heart beats and sweat pourings that weren't me any more than a bad dream is a chapter of life itself.

Only there was something more than tight nerves to it. A deadly fear, if you will, that crawls into men's hearts in Eastern places—for the girl and for myself—a deadly fear of losing identity under the rush of a knifing, rending mob, a mob playing to no rules but revenge, quick and frightful, for the years that have stolen their freedom. And contempt is not strong enough to face it with, so it gives way to fear, and the white man becomes a rat, back to the wall and teeth bared. That's his dominance; that's the history of his conquest. He can fight other white men face to face to set rules, but with the black and the yellow he faces overwhelming odds and whips them, for he knows there is no middle course between victory and going down into hell under strangling filth and the hacking merciless scourge of cruel knives.

I remember wiping nervous tears out of my straining eyes when I first saw the assault party, if you can call the poor drunken devils that, start to

creep out through a hole in the yard fence and huddle together on the walk. I could picture them dashing across through my fire, breaking into the locked door below me, and pouring up the stairway behind. My arms twitched with the thought of the hand-to-hand struggle that would follow.

Then Doc was at my shoulder again.

"All right," he whispered. "We're going to break up the party now. We'll start the ball before they're ready."

He slipped past me and crouched down behind the balustrade on the balcony, with his hands in front of him on the stone ledge. Then his forty-some-odd roared like a field piece. There was a scream from the street below, and the sound of running footsteps. Doc's gun roared again, and on its echo men began to pour out of the junk-yard gate. A pane of glass in the window next to us crashed inward, yellow flashes stabbed the black bulk of the running crowd, and a handful of torn splinters struck me full in the mouth.

*The battle is on. Hambro and his allies have begun their slaughter, but the attacking cut throats must have some plan. What happens next? Where will Sargent and Alayne Grey-stone wind up in the bloody melee? And what will be the fate of the little king? Next week's installment is replete with tense, thrilling action.*

## GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE SMART SET ANTHOLOGY** edited by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin. Reynal & Hitchcock.

Going backward through this selection, the best of the old Smart Set Magazine, one finds one was right—they were good in those days.

★ ★ ★ **ANSWERS TO AWKWARD QUESTIONS OF CHILDHOOD** by Theodore F. Tucker and Muriel Pout. Introduction by Angelo Patri. Claude Kendall. This book should be a valuable aid to parents and teachers who wish to enlighten their children in matters of sex and to answer their questions frankly and naturally as they arise.

★ ★ ★ **CHALLENGE: BEHIND THE FACE OF JAPAN** by Upton Close. Farrar & Rinehart.

Exciting, readable, illuminating picture of modern Japan, including a clear outline of the challenge that Japan's modern industrial development presents to the white world's dominance. Japan and America must clash unless the United States takes second place voluntarily on the Pacific.

★ ★ ★ **FOLDED HILLS** by Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This third book in Mr. White's series tells an absorbing story of early California and how the son of a pioneer who loved Mexicans and Indians fought the coming of the white man.

★ ★ **I PHOTOGRAPH RUSSIA** by James E. Abbe. Robert M. McBride & Co. An alert young newspaper photographer goes through Russia with his camera. Narrative of his adventures told in good newspaper English. Plenty of pictures, many of them marked "Forbidden."

★ ★ **HUMAN EXPLOITATION IN THE UNITED STATES** by Norman Thomas. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

America's leading Socialist portrays the condition of the working classes. Fallacious reasoning that so often identifies the zealous reformer detracts from an otherwise well written and important book.



# Have Women Made Good In Congress?

Here's a Penetrating Look at Some Feminine Legislators

Which May Help You to Judge for Yourself

READING TIME

13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

by MAXINE DAVIS

**A**SUFFRAGE leader once argued, "I want the vote for women not because I believe men and women are equal but because they are eternally different, and the world is a joint job."

She was a wise person. The eight women who sat in the Seventy-third Congress, and of whom six in the House were reelected last fall, brought the special attributes of their sex to their jobs. At the same time, judging only from their records, these women do not represent only the women, or even the so-called woman's viewpoint. Nor has any one of them ever employed the "Oh, you great big wonderful man, won't you vote for my little appropriation?" technique.

They are a safe lot. They are for the welfare of the nation as long as it does not interfere with the folks at home. Florence Kahn will never expose California's almond trees, walnut trees, or oranges to the blighting drought of a lowered tariff. Isabella Greenway will have a kindlier feeling toward her large World War veteran constituency than the Congressman with few voters who wear service stripes.

Their interests rarely meet. They don't vote together, and they have buried the old bogey of a "woman's bloc." There is not even an intimate personal friendship between them. They never sit around a big box of chocolates gossiping about the NRA or how devastating Tugwell looked at the Agriculture committee hearing that morning.

Yet, subtly, they bring into the commonplace business of getting pensions and post offices, attending committee hearings and party caucuses, finding jobs for constituents and votes for bills, the qualities and motives peculiar to womanhood. Come and meet some of them. You will see what I mean.

Mary T. Norton, "Mayor of Washington," beyond any of her sister members has the aspect of a politician after any ward boss's heart. She gets things done. And she never questions the ethics or the discipline of the political machine.

Actually, she is maternal as Niobe and far more prac-



© Harris & Ewing  
"Gets fat appropriations":  
Mrs. Kahn of California.



Acme photo:  
The New Jersey "Mayor of  
Washington": Mrs. Norton.



Keystone View photo:  
"A reliable conservative":  
Mrs. Rogers, Massachusetts.

tical. Grief for a lost child with her was fertile, not futile. Her useful career springs not from any Napoleonic will to power but from a deep need to cook spinach and tackle the question-asking age.

To meet her in the Speaker's lobby or at her desk, you'd never think of telling her about Johnny's adenoids or Janie's tantrums. Her ample figure, her direct dark

eyes, mouth and jaw firm and almost grim make you think of "stern men with empires in their brains." Yet somehow you know she is wholesome and homy as new-baked bread. And her easy energy is directed accurately as a steel riveting machine toward sincere service.

Frank Hague, boss of the Jersey City Democratic machine, sent her to Congress as the first woman Democrat. True, she speaks his language, but he knows, and I know, that if any one ever asked her to violate her diamond-sound sense of honesty, she would never compromise.

She accepted the difficult and thankless chairmanship of the District of Columbia Committee, which serves as voteless Washington's city council, because she felt no woman had a right to refuse such service. While she has never questioned the virtue of the spoils system in politics, her instinct for efficiency was such that hers was the only House committee that retained its seasoned employees when the Democrats won control.

Her devotion to duty has had its rewards. Mary Norton was a conscientious wet when much of the country regarded an antiprohibitionist as a special kind of devil. This year she had the satisfaction of shaping the liquor policy for the nation's capital.

Her Irish enthusiasm for people never overcomes her partisan loyalty. Grieved as she was at the defeat of her hero, Al Smith, she has given the President and his measures indomitable support.

New Jersey Democrats appreciate her. They elected her chairman of the state Democratic Committee, making her the first woman to attain that honor too. And it's not the same as electing a woman chairman of the G. O. P. State committee in Alabama, either. Mrs. Norton



© Harris & Ewing  
Mrs. Jenckes of Indiana, a  
drive leader and keynoter.



© Harris & Ewing  
"Our Isabella": glamorous  
Mrs. Greenway of Arizona.



Acme photo  
"Meek in aspect only" is  
Senator Hattie Caraway.



is one Congresswoman who had no election-day worries.

Occasionally it looks as if a seat in Congress were something a man could will to his wife along with his bank balance and his farm. For a while it seemed that widows' weeds were to be the uniform for Congresswomen. Florence Prag Kahn, wife of the late Julius Kahn, and Edith Nourse Rogers, relict of John Jacob Rogers, were both wafted into the House on a wave of sentiment. However, the voters' sympathy never lasts two years. You have to show results. And Mrs. Kahn and Mrs. Rogers, like Mrs. Norton, have both been elected for their sixth successive terms.

Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts is the most sweetly, softly feminine of the whole distaff portion of Congress. You are not surprised to hear that in her campaigns one old man always looks forward to treating her to an ice-cream cone. Or that farmers bring an apple or two to her along with their troubles. You'd expect her to dress—as she does—always out of style. When the cotton spindles were idle in her people's factories, she wore cotton frocks and even cotton stockings. Now that cotton has staged a comeback, naturally she wears silk and wool for the good of her district. But this delicate small woman always looks so pretty, bears herself with such an elegance, that even a vestless Texan admires her actually undistinguished costumes.

Her air of fragility is deceptive. No iron-mouthed Carry Nation ever stood more sturdily by her convictions. Mrs. Rogers has never made any campaign pledges at all, other than that she would do as she thought right. And she does. She voted against the AAA and the NRA, against the gold and silver bills, against the stock-market legislation and the tariff bill. So dangerous was her opposition to the administration's position in the air-mail controversy that when she rose to speak against it the Chair adjourned the House!

She is for a long list of constructive measures, too. She is intensely interested in national defense. She has always been every veteran's helping hand. While she wants to protect her district's factories against foreign competition with higher and ever higher tariffs, she helped send trade commissioners to secure the foreign markets.

Edith Rogers visits every part of her district every year. She comes to town, moves into the courthouse, the town hall, or the post office, and learns about every local problem. Then sometimes she repeats her credo: "There would be no depression if people had learned how to manage their money in school."

Even more than Mrs. Rogers, Florence Kahn is a reliable conservative of the old school. She can get—indeed, has got—anything she wants for her district, from the expensive San Francisco bridge to a new mint or a Marine Hospital, because she is preëminently a woman who understands men. Not that she has the wiles of a Du Barry or the sapient subtlety of a Queen Elizabeth. Her instinctive wisdom comes from a full partnership with her husband from the days when he was a Shakespearean actor until he ascended to the chairmanship of the House Military Affairs Committee during the war. It comes from talking with her sons while she washed their shirts in boarding-house washbasins, and making friends with all their pals as they grew older. Sex appeal has always had a lot of cheap publicity; but you see Mrs. Kahn's endowments of easy unsurprised comradeship, pungent wit, and unillusioned understanding advertised about as often as sable coats. And for the same reason.

MRS. KAHN is a woman you love. But that's not why she gets fat appropriations even from Democrats. She makes herself heard when she wants to. Not just because she's the only member of the feminine contingent with a voice loud enough to get the ear of the Chair, either. Her words on the floor, in committee, or in a fellow member's office are succinct and logical enough to command attention, command action.

She is a member of the most important committee of the House: Appropriations. As such she has power. San Francisco has benefited with such items as a bombing base, a new appraisers' building for the port, a non-commissioned officers' building for the army post,

and other important structures too numerous to list.

A staunch Republican, Mrs. Kahn followed President Roosevelt in all the emergency legislation, but when it came to making any of it permanent, she balked. And she answered every one of the 4,000 letters she got protesting against the Stock Exchange bill last session.

On the whole, Florence Kahn could afford to ignore her opponent's argument that San Francisco needed virile representation such as no woman could give.

How different is Virginia Jenckes of Indiana! She's the type of woman the antisuffragists feared: the Woman with a Cause. She is the individual who inevitably takes charge of drives, whether to aid the Red Cross or get flood control on the banks of the Wabash. In spite of the fact that she was town-born and butterfly-bred, it was natural that she should make a success of the farm she inherited from her husband. She once directed the laying of 3,000 sandbags overnight to dam a flood and save a \$15,000 crop.

A TRIM woman in modish dresses with dainty lingerie touches, it is nevertheless easier to picture her getting in the hay before a storm, sitting up all night with a litter of pigs, dickering for the price of corn, than getting a facial or selecting cushions for a chaise longue.

Her eyes peer cannily through her pince-nez. See the set of her mouth and you are not surprised that she came to Congress with the scalps of six male rivals at her belt. A charming and devoted daughter is testimony to her successful motherhood, but you'd scarcely regard her as the Congressional Cornelia.

She made her campaign for reëlection on her record. It is undistinguished only because the President took up the cudgels for her constituents in such a big way that all she had to do was vote "yes."

That the powers are aware of her ability, however, is evidenced by the fact that the Democratic National Committee sent her campaigning over the country in the spring and summer. Indeed, she made the keynote speech at her party's state convention in Maine.

Now, you may regard Mrs. Jenckes without any special emotion. But when you come to Isabella Greenway, it's different. Most of her colleagues on both sides of the House are like her Arizona constituents, who call her "Our Isabella."

As a gold digger for her stricken state she is without compare. If there are any paying tellers in the recovery administration who have not met Mrs. Greenway, I don't know who or where they are. Neither does she. But then, it's a pleasure to give her fourteen million dollars for the Verdi irrigation project, or flood control for Nogales, or even a new post office at Phoenix. Beyond any woman I have ever seen in public life in any land, Isabella Greenway has glamour.

True, it is obvious her dressmaker has never heard of Paris. If they depended on her patronage, cosmetic makers and hairdressers would be in a bread line. But her Gibson-girl beauty is so romantic that her masculine associates see her in the roseate haze of the time when they took their first sweethearts riding on a bicycle built for two.

Every one expected Mrs. Greenway to be just one more vote for Franklin Roosevelt's measures. Wasn't she the first woman in Congress to have, in effect, a latchkey to the White House? Hadn't she been bridesmaid at the wedding of her dearest friend, Eleanor Roosevelt? Seconded the President's nomination at Chicago? Entered them at all three of her Arizona homes?

She would, however, be effective if she'd only seen the "royal family" in the rotogravure sections. For she has been a sincere public servant first, and a loyal friend second. For instance, she voted to override the President's bonus veto. Unlike most Congressmen, her sympathy for the veterans did not come simultaneously with her entrance into politics two years ago. There are 80,000 veterans in Arizona, many of them in hospitals. After the war she opened a shop to teach them handicrafts and sell their products. When they made more than the tourists could buy, she built the Arizona Inn to use them. Her generosity was rewarded: the inn pays well. As a matter of fact she is a first-class business woman, and knows so much about mining that she was



able to keep a weather eye on the code-making.

She thinks human beings are more important than money, no matter whose. Hence she was one of two Democrats who voted against the President's air-mail action. And she proved pugnacious when the technicalities of the PWA held up any of her relief funds.

She has a genius for friendship. And her friends have pride in her. I heard a superintendent of a cattle ranch repeat a *mot* of a visiting Englishman: "Arizona has two natural beauties, the Grand Cañon and Isabella Greenway." I heard a Republican Senator add to that: "If you can only visit one, see Isabella."

When Caroline O'Day unfurled the little black fan she invariably carries, she made an entrance into the House with such a roll of trumpets as rarely greets a mere Congressman.

Mrs. Roosevelt campaigned for her. That accounts for the band and the Klieg lights. But Mrs. O'Day does not need her friend the First Lady to make her a personage. For this soft-spoken little Georgia woman stands solidly on her own convictions. She was a pacifist who did not confine herself to peace talk in peacetime. She would have nothing to do with the war. She would not buy one Liberty bond, or knit a single sock. Her friends did not make this position comfortable for her! But after Armistice Day she opened her Westchester estate as a home for the convalescent wounded.

Widow of a Standard Oil magnate, she regards herself as trustee for her fortune, not its possessor. Once she apologized for wearing a rich fur coat. "I do not approve of spending so much for something to wear," she confided, "but my children gave it to me and insisted."

To see her you expect to find her gracious behind a tea table; you are not prepared to discover her a vigorous political pioneer. But she is.

Immediately after women won suf-

frage, she and Mrs. Roosevelt decided to build an organization of Democratic women in New York State. They barnstormed the state in a rattling Ford, and after long, persistent effort built a strong feminine machine even in places where the men had none. We saw the results election day. And note this: Mrs. O'Day is, in consequence, the first woman to come to Congress with honest-to-goodness woman's support behind her.

Giving up a promising career as an artist because she felt the money she inherited imposed an obligation, and progressing from social service to practical politics and to a seat in the House, she is a public servant to warm the heart and watch with confidence.

Senator Caraway represents the apotheosis of matrimony. This widow, meek and mousy in aspect only, was able to go down into history as the first woman Senator because she took firm and determined advantage of the electorate's sentimentality as well as its circus-day susceptibility to Huey Long's calliope.

Mrs. Caraway was a good wife in the best Southern tradition. She has plenty of courage. It took courage to run for office against the state organization's orders—and six strong men. But, aided by the Kingfish, she won her fight. If she had had to run again this year, she'd have won. She has attended to all the details of Arkansas's affairs, answered every constituent. And she has supported the New Deal, which is popular back home.

Huey Long expected to control her after he had elected her. He found he was wrong. This minute mother of three sons, one of whom died last summer, has her own ideas of her obligations. "I vote as dad would have voted," she says.

Nevertheless Senator Caraway is an asset to feminism. As the first woman solon she is an anæsthetic to senatorial prejudice where a Ruth McCormick might have been a mustard plaster.

THE END

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—A hydrocarbon liquid obtained from coal tar and used as a cleanser and solvent.

2—Deuteronomy 24: 5.

3—The one on the *right* of a person facing *downstream*.

4—Shakespeare; Hamlet, Act 4; Scene 5.

5—Prince Rupert, cousin of King Charles II.

6—Nixies.

7—Poison ivy.

8—A sharp-pointed instrument for picking type from a form in correcting.

9—In 1803 Chief Justice Marshall so ruled in the case of *Marbury vs. Madison*.

10—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1755.

11—Second to none.

12—Martha Danbridge.

13—No. The brain of Cuvier (1769-1832, founder of the science of comparative anatomy) weighed sixty-four ounces. That of Gambetta (1838-82, the

great French statesman) weighed only thirty-nine ounces.

14—The Yukon River; the first obstruction to navigation occurs 1,866 miles from its mouth.

15—Captain Matthew Flinders, who discovered its southern coast in 1802 and was the first to circumnavigate the continent in 1803.

16—Andrew Jackson—defeated 1824; elected 1828 and 1832. Grover Cleveland—elected 1884; defeated 1888 and elected 1892.

17—Tennyson, in Sir Galahad.

18—Sir William Alexander, who in 1621 received it as a "gift and grant" from King James I.

19—1,297 miles, according to the Lake Survey Office of the United States War Department.

20—A general nervous derangement characterized by slight mental alienation on the subject of the patient's own health.

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Nan was standing at Jim's side. He picked her up bodily and literally threw her to a burly sailor.

READING TIME

21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



# Facts

# SLIGHTLY

**J**IM HUNT'S head felt like something a police boat had fished out of the East River. Sun streamed across his bed and he blinked resentfully at strange walls, strange furniture, strange everything.

There was another bed in the room. That was strange, too. So was the tousled hair he saw above the coverlet—very, very strange. It was brown hair and it was long and obviously feminine.

He surveyed himself and learned that he was wearing only his underwear. He discovered his trousers and shirt on a chair at the foot of his bed. He looked again at the next bed.

Two sleepy blue eyes stared at him through disordered strands of hair. His blood congealed.

"Nan Liston!" He heard himself say it, but his voice sounded hollow and far away.

She was rubbing her eyes. She said, calm and composed, as always she'd been, "Would you mind telling me what you're doing here and, while you're about it, what I'm doing here?"

"I wouldn't mind in the least," he said, "if I had the vaguest idea."

He caught his head. "Lord, what a pip!" he moaned. "It feels like I'm on a boat the way this room's rocking."

She had been looking beyond him through a small narrow window. She said, as coolly as ever, "Don't worry—you *are* on a boat."

She was examining the coverlet, tracing a monogram with a long graceful finger.

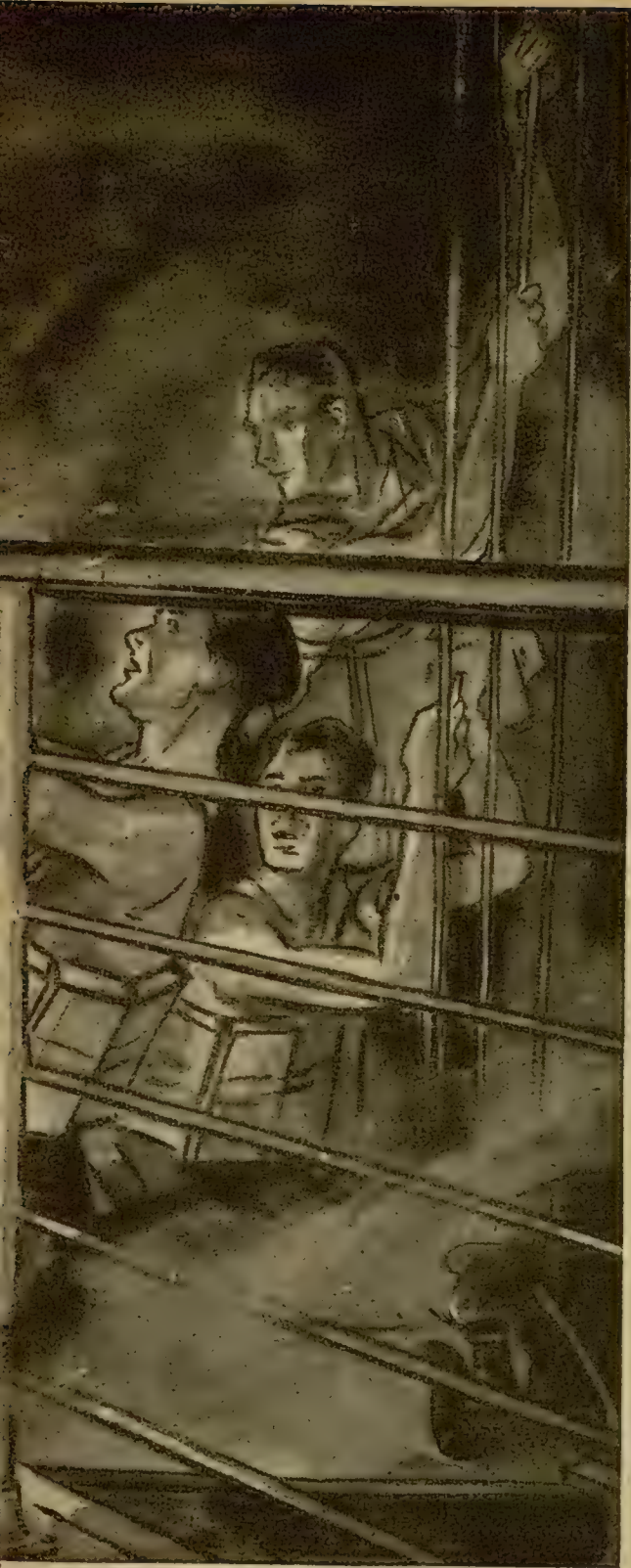
"Unless this is a stolen article," she said, "we're on the Santa Paula of the Gray-Havana Line and somewhere between New York and Cuba, no doubt."

He sat and contemplated the foot of the bed for fully a minute, and she occupied the time similarly. Finally she broke the silence:

"I'm trying to make up my mind whether we're married or not, and I've just about concluded that we are. My luck's been running abominably lately."

He was disputatious now. "After all, you don't need to put it that way. As I recall, you were willing to marry me once, and it's better to be in a stateroom en route to Havana with a man you're married to, no matter how you got that way, than one you found on the dock somewhere and took along for a pet."





## A Swift-Moving Tale of a Shanghaied Husband and a Romance Tried by Fire

by **DICK WILLIAMS**

ILLUSTRATED BY **FRANK SWAIN**

She was silent again for a minute. Then she said, "Do you know I've always had an unholy dread of something like this—that I'd get squiffy sometime and wake up with a husband. But I never allowed myself to take that much, and that's one of the things that puzzles me now. Something tells me some one fed little Nan a Mickey."

"I was thinking the same thing about myself. I remember docking in New York yesterday—I hope it was yesterday, anyway—and having a few balls with Pete and Julia Fosgrave, and then going about a bit here and there, but I swear I didn't overload."

"Of course," she said, and there was sere and withering autumn in her tones, "I deliberately went out and got you fried and carried you off to a preacher."

"Please, Nan, don't be childish. I don't even remember meeting you yesterday. Just where *did* we meet?"

"I don't know, and it's not specially important just now. The way I see things is that we're either married or we've been shanghaied on to this boat by some one who thought he was very, very funny. Whichever it is, we're in a hell of a spot."

"I certainly agree with you on that," Jim Hunt said. "To begin with, your old man is sure to fire me, no matter how we got here and whether we're married or not; and he'll probably send you off to a Siberian convent."

"You *would* die if you lost that job of yours, wouldn't you? It's always been your whole life."

"Certainly I'd die." He was plainly annoyed. "I've spent ten years getting where I am. Why shouldn't it be my whole life? I tried to share that life with you once, but you wouldn't have it. Now my job's all I've got."

He was suddenly thoughtful and she looped her hands over her knees and rested her chin on them. She looked up when she heard him mumbling to himself.

"It's Ellsworth T. Liston's own damn' fault. If he'd left me in Europe as I wanted him to—"

"I can tell you why he didn't leave you in Europe," she said. "He was spending more money getting you out of various jails than he was on your cable bill."

"Every pinch a story," he said, smiling a little.

It was mid-afternoon when Jim Hunt went on deck. He found a deck chair with no name on it and began trying to orientate the events of the last thirty-six hours. That he'd landed in New York on Tuesday morning—it was now Wednesday afternoon—he knew definitely.

He also knew that he'd called the Globe office and that Executive Editor Hobart Goggins himself had told him to get in as soon as he could, that the old man had a job for him. Only Goggins, the sycophant, hadn't said the old man. He never called the publisher the old man. He called him Mr. Liston. He'd told Goggins that he'd be in the following day and had hung up the receiver while Goggins was sputtering something about reporting at once, as if Jim Hunt had just come back from a three-day murder trial at White Plains instead of three and a half years in Germany, Russia, Italy, London, Roumania, and the Manchukuo and Shanghai fronts.

After that he'd gone to a Fifth Avenue hotel and taken a room. From there he'd called Pete Fosgrave, and before he'd changed clothes Pete and Julia had been in his suite laying plans.

A little luncheon at the Lafayette and they'd gone up to Pete's apartment in Beekman Place. By five o'clock a cocktail party was in full swing and Julia had wormed out of him the whole story of how he and Nan had had their split in Paris and how he was through with her forever, even if she was the

# GARBLED





daughter of the publisher of his beloved Globe. "I shouldn't be surprised if old E. Thorndyke Liston didn't feel a bit of relief when the split came," Julia said. "Relief!" exclaimed Jim Hunt. "The old boy practically killed the fatted dividends, he was that relieved."

He remembered, too, that Julia had told him she had a friend sailing at five in the morning—an unearthly hour, he'd thought. The friend was female, too. He remembered that. Then the party moved out to Larchmont, and from there it simply went everywhere.

Where had he met Nan Liston? All he could recall was Julia Fosgrave's mounting grief at their crack-up in Paris, a grief that seemed to become general as the cocktails flowed. It practically turned the gay homecoming into a wake. Nefarious schemes were hatched in just such gloomy incubators, he reflected. Why not some plot to put him and Nan right where they'd found themselves this morning?

Suddenly something cataclysmic assailed him. It occurred to him that somewhere along the line he must have got in touch with his office, and Ellsworth T. Liston had sent him to Havana on an assignment. That explained everything, except, of course, the presence of Nan Liston.

He had, after all these years, committed the unforgivable sin of the newsroom: He'd gone under and forgotten his job.

He thought of Goggins, the martinet. Goggins hated Jim Hunt. He hated him because he, Goggins, forty and unmarried and inordinately ambitious, had hoped to marry Nan Liston himself. The last thing he'd ever do would be to help get Jim Hunt out of a corner.

He found an unfamiliar piece of paper in his pocket. His eyes lighted. "Ah, little stranger," he said half aloud, "perhaps you can tell Papa Jim what it's all about."

He heard some one at his shoulder as he read. Then Nan said easily, half amused, half incensed, "So it was Port Chester, then? Well, that proves everything."

"Perfectly," he growled. "Pete and Julia did it, and Pete even had the gall to sign as a witness. But the other one—I don't get that name at all."

"Gretta Yates? Oh, I get it. She's been hounding me ever since I came home after our Paris explosion, telling me what a fool I was and all those complimentary things. Now she and Julia Fosgrave got together and here we are."

They sat together in the cocktail salon for an hour or two after dinner and said little. Then they danced a while, and after that she went to the radio room to send her father a message. She told him she had gone to a sailing and had failed to get off the boat and would he cable her a spot of cash at El Nacional in Havana.

WHEN she reached the stateroom, Jim was there, settled in an armchair, reading. She regarded him coldly for a moment and then said, a little sharply, "Jim, I didn't think I'd have to tell you—"

"Tell me what?"

"Please don't be dull. I'm twenty-four and no Sunday-school teacher, but there's a limit, too. Just because I happened to get married to you through God knows what scheming agency is no reason why I should be any more than what one of your Globe sob sisters would call a wife in name only."

He smiled a wry mirthless smile. "My dear Mrs. Hunt—if I may call you that—you don't need to be afraid Jim Hunt is going to manhandle your fine physical virtue. But you also may be assured that he isn't going to be sap enough to try to engage another cabin and start a cataract of gossip that would get back to New York before we dock in Havana. Either that or get himself clinked into a thousand pounds of pig iron for moral turpitude."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that there are twin beds in this stateroom and that at thirty-three I'm too brittle and set in my bones to sleep in the bathtub."

She took a taxicab to the Nacional when they docked and he went directly to the Associated Press office. When he told Fred Atwater his troubles, the bureau manager was close to a collapse. Jim Hunt losing an assignment in a rum glass!

To make a bad matter worse, Atwater knew of absolutely no story in Havana that the Globe could conceivably have a special interest in. Neither did Bert Hostetter at the United Press, nor Phil Howell at the International News.

Beaten and chagrined, Jim went into a tiny cantina next door to the I. N. S. office. Over a mug of beer he hit upon the idea of sending a cablegram. No ordinary cablegram, but a cablegram of genius.

He went to the Western Union and dispatched it. He felt infinitely relieved, even a little cocky, and turned his nose toward the Nacional.

HOBART GOGGINS roared out of his private office into the Globe newsroom. "Barker," he accused the night editor, "did you send Hunt to Havana?"

"Don't know a thing about it."

"You, Cummings?"

The city editor looked up over his glasses. "Didn't even know he was back from Berlin."

Goggins dived back into his office. The cablegram mocked him from his scrupulously ordered desk:

OUR FACTS ON CUBAN YARN SLIGHTLY GARBLED STOP  
PLEASE CLARIFY STOP HUNT.

Light struck him. "Oh-ho! So that's it!" he cackled. "Got himself pie-eyed and got on to a boat for Havana, and now he thinks he's down there on an assignment and has forgotten what it is. That's just fine!"

Jim Hunt was luxuriating in the lobby of the Nacional when a page handed him a cablegram.

ABSOLUTELY SURE OF OUR FACTS STOP RUSH STORY STOP  
GOGGINS.

Nan saw him storming across the lobby to the registration desk, saw him scribble something hurriedly and bolt for the elevators. She followed. "What's happened?" she wanted to know. "You look as if you're rehearsing your own hanging."

"Would you mind if I told you it was none of your business?" he growled.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I see you've added boorishness to your other social graces," she said.

She followed him into the room, walked across to the windows, and turned to face him.

"Well, are you going to tell me what's happened?"

"All right," he snapped, "I'll tell you. It's that tomato-nosed boy friend of yours."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Goggins," he raged. "G-O-G-G-I-N-S. The great god Goggins. Old catsup-face, the man with the foghorn throat. The guy who thinks he's going to marry you. Now do you know?"

"I suspect you're speaking of Mr. Hobart Goggins, and it may be that he is going to marry me. At least he never screams at me."

"I can believe that. By the time he sees you he's speechless from bawling at the poor crawling things that work for him. But he's not going to marry you. I've just made up my mind about that. I happen to be married to you, have the papers to prove it, and intend to stay that way."

She looked startled. "Then you're more contemptible than I thought." He stepped in front of her as she started for the door.

"Really, Nan," he argued, "don't you think that's just a little thick? After all, you were satisfied with me once. What's the matter with me now? Even if this business is a mess, don't I rate a chance?"

She laughed in his face. "Jim," she said, "I'm no lush. I don't think you are, either. At least I never heard of your folding up cold before—"

"Oh, didn't you? Didn't I ever tell you about the time I woke up in a day coach in Providence in my underwear?"

"Yes, yes, a dozen times. But I never believed it—"

"It's gospel."

"Even if it is, it doesn't matter here. What I'm getting at, Jim, is that some one gave me a knockout powder sometime Tuesday night and lugged me out to Port Chester and married me off to you. I'll be charitable and



believe they did the same to you because a misguided mob of extroverts got alcoholically romantic and decided they had been divinely ordained to bring two bleeding hearts back together—"

"Thanks—that's damn' big of you."

"Skip the sarcasm, Jim. As for my staying married to you, it's out of the question. I want some one I can depend on, some one who'll be there in a pinch. Every girl does, Jim. And you never would. It simply isn't in you."

He didn't try to stop her as she slipped past him. "Listen, Hunt," he told himself. "If you'd taken care of your assignments and left the wenches alone, you'd be better off. They're all alike—headaches, headaches, and more headaches."

Now his mind, with the flexibility of his kind, was back on his assignment. He was right where he was when he landed in Havana, for all his well conceived cablegram.

Now he remembered Joe Massanez. Joe was Havana's El Mundo's traveling correspondent. He roamed the world, writing on anything that struck his fancy—art, drama, sports, politics, crime—anything. Jim had known him in a dozen cities.

Joe Massanez, elephantine, swarthy, with eyes that sparkled from rolls of fat, was desolated with joy to see Jim Hunt. Señor Hunt was in trouble? Could Joe do anything for him?

"Just tell me if there is a story here that would cause the Globe to send me down here."

He didn't understand, and Jim Hunt had to explain. Joe billowed with mirth and summoned Gonzales, El Mundo's political editor, and Corri, the military expert. They bowed deeply before the celebrated Señor Hunt and Joe Massanez explained his need. "They will get busy at once," he told Jim. "In the meantime in my club we can better wait and more comfortable."

THEY went to Joe's club. Gonzales and Corri came in an hour later. Neither of them had found a single hint of anything that could conceivably interest the great Globe, or its great publisher, or its distinguished Señor Hunt.

Jim Hunt had but one thing left to do. He would send another cablegram, absolutely foolproof. Joe Massanez sent for a messenger. Jim scribbled on a bit of paper:

GOGGINS GLOBE NEW YORK UNABLE LOCATE KEY MAN STOP PLEASE ADVISE HIS WHEREABOUTS STOP HUNT

They settled back to conversation, Jim Hunt dour, Joe Massanez bubbling through an hour and a half of high good humor. Then the messenger reappeared and Jim ripped open the envelope and stared at the message:

HUNT GLOBE HAVANA KEY MAN JUST WHERE I SAID HE WOULD BE STOP RUSH INTERVIEW STOP GOGGINS

"That pig-headed anteater!" he groaned and threw the paper across the table to Joe Massanez. Joe read it and shook his great head until his thick neck was but a series of corrugations, like a pile of automobile tires.

"Ees mos' strange," he mused, "the way you American newspapermen ees have."

"Newspaperman!" exploded Jim Hunt. "That egg's no newspaperman. He's a production foreman in a canning factory, that's what he is."

THE clerk at the Western Union desk in the Nacionale read the cablegram back to Jim Hunt:

GOGGINS GLOBE NEW YORK  
FIND STORY HOAX STOP AM COMING IN  
STOP HUNT

The information clerk told him Miss Liston had checked out. "She took passage on the Barcelona," he explained. "It sails at six o'clock."

He found himself suddenly panicky. He didn't pause to analyze the feeling, but reached the transportation desk in two strides. He ordered a cabin on the Barcelona with no refusals accepted. In his room he threw a recently purchased razor, two soiled shirts, an obviously new toothbrush, and the suit he'd worn into Havana into a shiny new bag, and took the stairs four at a time to the lobby. The transportation clerk told him his passage would be on the boat and that he had twenty minutes to make it.

He made the gangplank just as they started to wheel it away, leaped a chain thrown across the head, and landed, upright but panting, in the middle of the purser's square.

He saw Nan once, in the main café, sitting with a woman who giggled and a fat man who bellowed with mirth at his own jokes. He was in his cabin an hour later when a steward brought him a radiogram, relayed from Havana.

"Jim Hunt, Nacionale, Havana," it said. "Come in without a story and you are automatically a journalist. Goggins."

"Ha-ha!" he mocked fiercely. "Such a funny man!"

A journalist was a newspaperman out of work. The gag was too old in newspaper offices for him to miss Goggins's point. . . .

Women were screaming outside Jim Hunt's cabin. Men cursed and a heavy-voiced fellow was shouting some kind of incoherent orders. He sat up, discovered that he had fallen asleep fully clothed except for his jacket, waistcoat, and necktie, and then went to the window.

He smelled smoke. He saw men and women running toward the stern of the boat. He looked forward and thought a curtain of fire was licking out of a window farther up. The smoke rolled down the deck now in a thick blanket. He started for the door of his cabin, ran back and laced on a life preserver, and then went into the hallway.

Two men were struggling with a

# How to get rid of CORNs.. easily and without danger of infection



• All persons now suffering from corns are urged to get relief immediately with this approved Blue-Jay method.

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, without fuss or bother. Pain stops instantly—soft, "common sense" pad removes all pressure on the corn. Then, the safe Blue-Jay medication gently but surely loosens and undermines the corn. In 3 days you lift the corn right out, completely.

Try Blue-Jay today. (25c at all druggists). Note the new Wet-Pruf adhesive strip that holds pad securely in place (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).

**BLUE-JAY**  
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC  
CORN PLASTER

# 216

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Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

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OF UNBREAKABLE ANTI-FRICTION MOLIM BRONZE



# Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

## What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus  $\Omega$ . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

## Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack

### In Perfect Health Now

About nine years ago I purchased one of your famous J.B.L. Cascade sets in an attempt to rid myself of suffering from intestinal troubles since it was recommended to me. Ever since the purchase I have used it constantly, until now I am in perfect health and the stomach trouble forgotten. From then on I have been recommending it to every one who suffers from constipation.

I wish to take this opportunity now in thanking you for the wonderful device in restoring health, and the complete understandable instructions included in each set.

June 9, 1934.  
Seth Terao,  
607 W. 17th St.,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

## Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

## Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L126, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

---TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE.---

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.

152 West 65th St., Dept. L 126, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

fire hose. It was snarled and Jim Hunt reached down to straighten it. Two women, clad only in flimsy step-ins, ran past him, whimpering. Another ran out a door opposite his cabin completely nude, ran back into the cabin again, and emerged with a sheet about her. A curtain of flame was licking down the forward companionway.

Now he thought of Nan. He cursed himself for not finding out the number of her cabin. He didn't see her on his deck, so he crossed to the port hallway and found a companionway there only touched by flames. He ran up it and along the halls of B deck, calling her name.

He seized a steward running madly aft and demanded to know where her cabin was. The steward said she had been on A, but that there was no one up there now. "They're all down," he said. "They've gone aft, on C."

He ran outside to the promenade, then aft. He looked down and saw a milling crowd of half-dressed men and women on the after deck of C. He searched the crowd for her and she wasn't there. Some one was bellowing, in a big voice trembling with terror, for the men and women to jump.

Two women jumped, then a man. In a flash Jim saw that the propellers still were turning down where these three had jumped. They would be churned to pieces. The big man still was bellowing, "Jump—everybody jump!" Jim heard his own voice above the din: "Stay where you are! Don't jump now! Wait!"

Suddenly the engines stopped. The churning at the water line died. Then he shouted again, "Now jump! Everybody with life preservers on, jump—and keep your mouths closed!"

He looked again for Nan. He ran around to the starboard side and down the promenade. Flames licked at his face and he doubled back. Then he saw her on the deck below, leaning, weak and pale, against the rail, near a lifeboat.

Jim Hunt swung out on to a stanchion and slid down to the next deck. He pushed his way through the crowd to Nan.

"Get in there," he commanded.

"It's full," she said, her face white but her voice calm as usual. "There's another boat."

HE was at the other boat. The men took their places and began helping the passengers. The Barcelona's entire superstructure was ablaze now. The flames licked across the deck.

Nan was standing at Jim's side. The seamen were releasing the falls.

"Get into that boat," he ordered. She looked steadily at him.

"When you do," she said.

He pushed her, pushed her hard, so that she almost fell. "I said for you to get into that boat," he snarled.

She faced him, fury fighting the pleading in her eyes. He picked her up bodily and literally threw her to a burly sailor. "Lower away!" he shouted. Then he ran toward the radio room.

The radio was working. A separate dynamo kept it in action after the lights on the rest of the ship had failed. The operator jiggled the keys. Broken flashes of blue and orange lights showed through the tubes. "Take this," Jim ordered. "Goggins, Globe, New York—Barcelona burning off Jersey coast stop my end under complete control stop and here is your story you hammerheaded chimpanzee stop Jim Hunt."

"O. K.—you can scram," he told the radio operator.

"I can't—I can't swim and I ain't got a life preserver," the man gasped. Jim unbuckled his and threw it to the man. The door was half curtained by a sheet of flame.

Jim Hunt went through it and dived headforemost over the rail.

The salty waters of the Atlantic felt cool on his hot face. He came up puffing and struck out toward a light off to the west.

THE Barcelona had burned early on Friday morning. It was Saturday night when Jim Hunt, weary and disheveled and dirty after forty hours of filing stories and chasing survivors and filing more stories, trudged into the newsroom of the Globe.

The staff rushed him, but Barker held them off. "Get up to the old man's den pronto," he said. "He left word that he'd wait for you."

Jim grinned a sour and hopeless grin. "Well, boys," he said wryly, "it's been nice to have known you. Give the great god Goggins my love." He made a noise with pursed lips and dragged himself up a flight of stairs to Ellsworth T. Liston's suite.

Publisher Liston coughed considerably before he stepped from his editorial writers' office into his own, and Nan backed reluctantly out of Jim Hunt's arms and turned to face her father. Her calm under stress always had been a source of wonder to Jim and he marveled anew at her now.

"Well, pal," she said to Ellsworth T. Liston, "I told Jim a long time ago that when I met the man who could meet an emergency and make me like it, I'd lasso him—besides, this is a depression year and I can't see any percentage in wasting the money he's already laid out up at Port Chester."

"Precisely my sentiments." Ellsworth T. Liston thrust out a fat hand. "Congratulations, Jim—I couldn't quite reconcile myself to my daughter marrying an ordinary reporter, or even an extraordinary one, but an executive editor is different."

"Executive editor!" Jim's head was spinning again. He drew a grimy hand across tired eyes. "I don't know whether I follow you or not. Where's Goggins?"

"Japan," said Ellsworth T. Liston. "Bundled him off this morning on the Manchukuo business. A couple of years of foreign service and he'll be ripe for a chair in the editorial den."

"Japan, eh?" Jim stroked his chin reflectively. "Well, I guess that ought to be far enough."

THE END



# TO THE LADIES!



**T**HE Maiden's Dream — her first velvet dress (*black velvet*, of course), in which she visions herself graduating from artless girlhood to ripe sophistication!

She *knows* she'll be *absolutely fatal* in black velvet!

Almost every girl pictures that dress, I suppose, in her adolescent mind. It's a symbol. It is also a reality. Velvet in fact plays such an important part in the affairs of our sex as such that I was glad to have a talk with June Hamilton Rhodes, who is nationally known as a velvet expert.

"For a thousand years," she told me, "velvet has been our fabric de luxe. We don't know whether it was invented in France or came originally from India. Ninety-five per cent of our velvet is now made here in this country—mostly in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The price of velvet runs all the way from two dollars a yard to a hundred dollars a yard. Men in general do not know why they prefer women in velvet; but artists do. They say it brings out all the beautiful tints of the flesh."

New velvet stunts to be fashionable this year include velvet bathing suits, summer velvets combined with linen, velvet doodads woven on organdie.

Although fine velvets now are being loomed here, the most expensive still come from ancient Lyon, in France, where costume velvets for the royal courts of Europe have been created since the fourteenth century. Court functions still are velvet-clad—Marina's London wedding was a velvet one. And speaking of weddings, velvet-expert June Rhodes married Social Registerite Ferdinand D. Sanford about a year ago, with First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt giving away the bride—both ladies in velvet gowns.

**F**AR up in the frozen north, hundreds of arctic miles from any human habitation, the crew of a fishing boat from Norway last month caught a carrier pigeon with a message inscribed on a band around its leg. The little bird was still flying bravely over the barren waste of ice and sea. It flew straight to the boat and allowed strange hands to remove the band from its leg—but the men could not decipher the message it carried. From what lost or shipwrecked sender did it come? On what errand of desperate hope had it been sped? I think the poets—Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier—would have done something with this.

**I**T always surprises men to find unmarried women or widows keeping house with as much enthusiasm as though they had a man around the place. I know three women of the same family who maintain separate homes

of their own on the same street. They like to entertain, and masculine guests are politely amazed because they have all the good-living comforts of a *real* home—that is to say, a home with *men* in it. But it took an old-clothes man who came around looking for trade to put the deeper he-male thought about these women into words. At the first house he said, "Want to sell any of your husband's old clothes?"

"I'm not married," the lady told him. "No men live here."

He started to go next door.

"You won't get anything there," said the lady. "That's my mother's house, and she's a widow."

"How about across the street?" he asked.

"No. That's where my aunt lives. She isn't married, either."

The old-clothes hunter gave the lady a severely disapproving look. "Huh," he grunted. "You sure hate men in your family, don't you!"

**N**OW some one tells me that insomnia never kept long-haired ladies awake if they brushed their hair one hundred strokes every night as the old-fashioned beauty rules required.

To be effective as a soothing measure, the brush should be used with regular strokes, fairly slow, from the forehead straight back over the head. And you don't *need* to have long hair; short hair will do just as well—or practically no hair, for that matter. A bald man of my acquaintance—long an insomniac—says *his* sleep has been improved by hairless hairbrushing.

**F**OR excited bewilderment read Castaway, by James Gould Cozzens. (Published by Random House.)

**E**GGs in a wine sauce are very French—and very chic for luncheon or supper. They're called Eggs du Barry.

Make them like this:

Melt a generous tablespoon of butter. When it is sizzling hot in pan, add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup lean ham cut in strips and 6 small mild onions. Fry until light brown, then put in 6 medium-sized mushrooms peeled and quartered. Cook 2 minutes, sprinkle in level tablespoon flour, stir well while it browns, then pour in 1 cup red wine (claret) and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Now salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic, a pinch of marjoram. Bring to boil, remove garlic, cover and simmer 20 minutes.

Pour this sauce over warm hard-boiled eggs halved lengthwise, and serve garnished with fingers of bread fried in butter.



JUNE HAMILTON RHODES

by  
**PRINCESS  
ALEXANDRA  
KROPOTKIN**

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer,  
and Authority on Fashion

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



## A black and white profile portrait of a woman, likely a historical figure. She is facing left, with her head slightly tilted. Her hair is dark and styled in an updo. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, almost etched appearance.

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for a Half Dollar**

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**OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS**

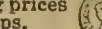
**POST YOURSELF!** It pays!  
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy  
of Texas, for one Half Dollar;  
J. D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00  
for a single Copper Cent. Mr.  
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Look! I take a beautifully enameled case from my vest pocket. I touch a magic button. There is a spark... a flame.

A cigarette appears. The pressure of one finger delivers a **LIGHTED** cigarette to my lips. I **BUFF** and **SMOKE**. A marvelous invention. Amazingly low priced. Try a Magic Case for 15 Days at our risk. **AGENTS:** Send for facts about big profits.

Magic Case Mfrs., Dept. A-389  
4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

An illustration showing a person on the left wearing a hat and smoking a cigarette. On the right is a detailed drawing of the Magic Case, a rectangular cigarette case with a textured surface and a small button on the front. A lit cigarette is shown emerging from the case.

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| 65 |    |    |   |  |    | 66 |    |    |    |    |    | 67 |    |    |

1 A playing card  
(plural)  
5 A small, rude house  
10 Equality of value  
(plural)  
14 Elf or fairy in Per-  
sian mythology  
15 A binary compound  
of oxygen  
16 Biblical name  
17 A religious recluse  
19 Shout  
21 In a like manner  
22 To translate, as a  
writing in cipher  
23 American soprano  
24 Coin of an Asiatic  
kingdom  
25 Digit  
26 Misrepresenting  
28 Paradise  
30 Courts  
31 Pens  
34 Disease of sheep  
35 Flowerless plant  
36 Sharp thrilling or  
prickling sensation  
37 Printer's measure  
38 A sum of money lent  
at interest  
39 Bewilderment  
40 Article  
41 More advanced in  
rank or office  
43 Hoarfrost  
44 Being, in the most  
abstract sense  
45 A test  
46 In the part that pre-  
cedes or goes first  
47 Diminish  
48 Three-legged stands  
50 Stray  
51 Form of to be

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### Answer to last week's puzzle

53 Parent  
54 Climbing perennial  
plants  
57 Mystic syllable used  
in Hindu worship  
58 One of Noah's sons  
59 To divert from a  
right use  
60 Wanton behavior  
62 Adventitious sound in  
breathing (plural)  
64 A serf  
65 Whirlpool  
66 Small sandpiper  
67 To pack

- 1 Imitated
- 2 Wax
- 3 Built
- 4 A hot wind in Syria,  
Arabia, etc.
- 5 A sheepfold
- 6 Chopping implement
- 7 Prefix: two
- 8 Pastoral poem (pl.)
- 9 Indigent
- 10 Comrade (colloq.)
- 11 Month of the Jewish

ecclesiastical year  
12 Repose  
13 The track, as of a deer  
18 Small fresh-water fish of Europe  
20 To throw open to laymen  
23 An immeasurable period of time  
24 In eager desire  
26 By birth or nature  
27 No one  
28 To excrete, as indigestible matter  
29 Eater  
30 Impairment due to use, friction, etc.  
32 To set firmly, as in the ground  
33 Consciousness  
35 Without judgment or discretion  
36 Domesticated  
38 Prevaricator  
39 Russian communities  
42 Eggs of an insect  
43 Went horseback  
44 Gravely intent  
46 Get-up of a book  
47 Indian warriors  
49 Supports for ends of a bridge span  
50 Goddess of healing (Teutonic mythology)  
51 Bore on the person, as clothing  
52 Surrounded by  
54 For fear that  
55 A river in Italy  
56 Boil  
58 Inclosure  
59 Write  
61 An alleged force  
63 An element (symbol)

50



LAST FREE REPRINT OFFER!

\$2,000

# CASH PRIZE CITY GAME

223 Big Cash Awards  
Must Be Paid!  
Why Not Win One?



PICTURE No. 11

Name of City.....

THESE CASH PRIZES MUST BE PAID—  
WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

|                                |       |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| FIRST PRIZE .....              | \$500 |
| SECOND PRIZE .....             | 200   |
| THIRD PRIZE .....              | 100   |
| TWENTY PRIZES, each \$10 ..... | 200   |
| 200 PRIZES, each \$5 .....     | 1,000 |

## THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.



PICTURE No. 12

Name of City.....

**W**HAT two American cities or towns are represented in drawings 11 and 12 this week? Even if you have never played this interesting game before, a satisfactory answer to that question will get you well started toward a winning entry. If you have been planning to start an entry but have neglected to take action, now is the time to get busy. If you have not saved the issues of Liberty containing the first ten drawings of the contest series, free reprints are available in order that late entrants may bring their sets up to date. If you need any of these reprints to complete your set, send for them without delay. A card to the address in Rule No. 6 will suffice. No reprints will be supplied after Wednesday, January 30, 1935.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT—GET BUSY!



READING TIME

30 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

ND for a moment Scatter Gold hung there in space, while Tyndal Creek seemed to be snatched away beneath them. They struck with an impact that hurled Ainlee out of the saddle into a depth of brush where a thousand claws ripped his clothes and caught his flesh. He was on fire with pain when he staggered back to the road. A warmth of blood ran down the left side of his face. He sopped it up with a dripping handkerchief.

In there, in Charlie's Tavern, perhaps they had given up hope of getting the minister home through the storm and Tubby was guiding him with a lamp to a bedchamber. Paula and Barron were already in another room where a fire on the small hearth could not take the damp and the cold from the air or clear from the corner darkneses the unclean sense of the past. But they were up there, alone—while he lingered on the road by Tyndal Creek.

Swinging again into the wet sticky saddle he galloped on. spurts of water sometimes dashed from the cup of a forehoof as high as his knees; splatterings even hit his face, but the bucketing downfall of the rain would wash him clean again.

He turned the second winding and saw a light that seemed to advance toward him; then he discovered that in fact it was stationary. He had arrived at Charlie's Tavern.

He made out in vague lines the inn, the stable. In the stable he left Scatter Gold. She went straight for hay and found it. He, in the gap of the open door, felt the stinging of his hundred small wounds as he studied the rear of the tavern. The light low down came from the kitchen; it was the only lamp on this side, but a dim radiance gleamed on a tree that stood at a corner of the house. One of the guest chambers was occupied.

He squeezed some of the water out of his handkerchief again and wiped the blood from his face. As he left the barn the rain struck him like a needle shower; the force of the wind was a hand against which he could lean as he marched to the wall of the tavern. Along this he felt his way to the knob of a door, but found that the lock was engaged. He beat angrily with the heel of his palm, and heard a footfall crossing the floor. The lock turned, the door was jerked open by Tubby, all shining in a vast white apron and a cook's white hat.

"Come right in! Come right in, sir!" he called. "Miss the front way? It sure is blind outside!"

But he recognized Ainlee as the latter stepped in, and barred the way. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "I got the whole inn reserved for tonight. I thought—"

Ainlee looked down to the pool that was extending about his feet and up to the stretched arm, the congested face of Tubby.

"Get out of my way," said Ainlee.

Tubby, retreating as far as the table, still commanded the field. Wreaths of vapor gath-



# NAME

Two Women, and "the Only Happiness

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Paula struck a chair and fell. In the corner darkness, his face lighted by a grin, stood Tubby watching a second murder.



# YOUR PRICE

in the World"—Which of the Two Will Find It? . . . Now Comes the  
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ered about him from several pots which steamed on the stove.

There had been a bit of butcher-stained paper in the room the last time Richard was here. There was some now beside a chopping board that had a cleaver stuck in it. The purple-red of blood smeared the cheek of the cleaver and made Ainlee remember the tale he had heard.

"I'm mighty sorry—wouldn't turn a man away on a night like this; but orders is orders—I gotta do what I'm told—and so you can't come inside. Wait a minute," suggested Tubby. "You could dry out here in the kitchen some, and give your clothes a wring. I'll give you something to eat, too."

"Who's in the tavern?" asked Ainlee.

"Gentleman that has— That's all, sir," said Tubby.

"I'm going inside," said Ainlee.

Tubby shifted a little and stretched out a hand behind him.

"You ain't," he said with all the definiteness of a quiet voice.

"Take your hand away from the cleaver, Tubby," Ainlee said. "The second time, murder wouldn't be self-defense, you know. You could call Barron out to see me—but no, it's better if I go to find him."

It was the naming of Barron that made the resistance of Tubby crumble as though his entire strength was in his secret.

"I can't let you in—I got orders—" he mumbled, but Ainlee pushed straight past him.

He crossed the dining room, nerving himself with every step, but when he came to the big front room he saw from the threshold that it was empty.

"I'll make you comfortable in the kitchen, sir," said Tubby, behind him. "I'll make you right at home, but the rest of the place—"

"Where's Barron?" asked Ainlee.

"I don't know—I mean—"

"Has a minister been here and gone?"

"No, sir," said Tubby. He opened his eyes until the blue of them turned pale. "You seem to know all about it," he muttered.

"Where's Miss Hartley?"

"Miss Hartley?" stammered Tubby.

"Yes. Where is she?"

"Is she expecting you?" said Tubby, his power entirely departing under this succession of shocks.

AINLEE looked down at himself. The thorns had ripped his clothes to tatters. His right leg was bare between hip and knee with a bleeding crisscross slashed on the skin. Water made gurgling noises in his shoes.

"Tell me where her room is and stop your damned questions," he said. "Major Hartley and Mrs. Marsden will be here at once. This affair can put you in a bad boat, my friend, unless you're very careful."

"I wouldn't of known any wrong in it," complained Tubby in a whining voice. "But suppose a rich gentleman like Mr. Barron comes along, what right have I got to do any thinking?"

"Are you showing me Miss Hartley's room, or are you not?" asked Ainlee.

"This way, sir," said Tubby.

A table set with three places had been drawn up close to the big fire in the living room.

In the upper hall Tubby turned with the lamp he was carrying.



"I dunno what she'll say. I dunno how she'll take it," said Tubby. "I wasn't to come near her."

"You can go back," said Ainlee.

Tubby gestured both with his empty hand and the lamp.

"All right," he whispered. "I don't know—I don't know nothing about it at all—but oh, my God, if Mr. Barron—"

He went down the hall, trailing a groan over his shoulder. The light descended the stairs step by step; the faint glow from it pulsed away from the ceiling. As that blackness increased, Ainlee saw a line of light drawn about the edges of the door; under the dull beating of the storm he heard a small and very cheerful sound of crackling wood. She had a fire in there.

He tapped at the door.

"WHO is it?" asked Paula, close to the door.

"It's Richard Ainlee," he said.

A weight pressed against the door, he thought—he could hear the faint noise in the dry panels. The voice he could hardly make out.

"I can't see you," it said. "I can't see any one. Are father and Aunt Sylvia with you?"

"No," he answered.

"But you must go. You must not be here alone!" she cried.

"I have to see you." A sort of rage—and yet it was not anger—burst upward in him. "Open the door, or I'll smash it down!"

The door swayed open, wide, but there was not the burst of light which he had expected—only the glowing of a lamp through a glass shade. The fragrance in the dank air was more powerful than the light, for the room was filled with

fruit blossoms, long sprays and crowded clusters of them.

Paula stood at the door in a gray tweed dress with white cuffs and a broad white collar, and she had at her breast a tuft of wild violets. He could see the greatness of her eyes and the glistening of them.

He walked straight in and she closed the door quickly behind him. He heard the bolt shot home, then her voice, hardly louder than a whisper, as though in the room there were others who must not overhear.

"What have they done to you? *Who* has done it?"

"It's nothing but scratches—a fall into a bush," he tried to tell her, but a blankness of fear was in her eyes and would not understand.

"Have you met John Barron? What has happened? What have you done to him? Have you made me a murderer? Richard, are you frightfully hurt?"

She was drawing him by the arm, strongly, into the firelight.

"I met no one," he insisted. "The bridge is down and I fell off like a silly fool when Scatter Gold jumped Tyndal Creek."

"Jumped the creek?" she repeated. "You haven't dared to jump the creek with Scatter? Richard, you're hurt."

One of her hands tugged a bit at the edge of his coat and the other made vague gestures to ward off evil.

With his head so thrown back that his eyes were half closed, he looked at her in such a way that she forgot his wounds entirely. With his first words he brushed all her questions aside.

"We picked up the trail at the minister's house in Meredith. Are you married to Barron?" he asked her.

"No," she said; "but I shall—"



"You know that I tried to buy you, along with Hartley Hall and Scatter Gold. I was a fool. But do you see that I have to talk to you now? I love you. Don't think I'm asking you for a pennyworth of return. But I'll tell you that when I first saw you ride Scatter Gold, I thought I wanted you as a part of the House on the Hill. But I was stupid as a child. What I really wanted was not your face or your voice but your soul. Now forget about me. I'm out of it. Will you be honest with me?"

The storm trampled like feet on the roof.

"I will be honest," she said. "That day after the race, I want to explain—"

"No, I'm out of it. I'm talking to you about this marriage. Why are you marrying Barron? Because you love him?"

"He's likely to come back at any instant, and if he finds you here he may go quite mad. I want you to go, please!"

"I asked you a question," he said. "Are you marrying Barron because you love him?"

SHE began to say quickly: "Of course it's for—"

But he broke in on her, exclaiming: "Let me tell you what love is, and then confess if that's the way you feel about Barron. I'd been in a dark world till I saw you. I'd been living like a cat in an alley, and all at once I came to the edge of the sea. Tell me if the sound of his breathing is a joy to you—if every turning of his head is a separate happiness? Do you carry his voice about with you? When you think of him is it a homesickness, like a wish to go back to the God who made you?"

She was looking past him into an unhappy distance.

"You cannot marry him, then!" cried Ainlee.

"I must and I shall," said Paula.

"You must not and you will not. Why, you can't throw away the only happiness in the world! You don't know what it is. That's why you don't understand the frightfulness of the thing you're doing. I used to think I knew what happiness was. I've had my big days. I've sent a bit of a tremor through the Street now and then, and felt as though I were growing up into the sun. But—bah!—that was nothing, nothing compared with being here with you. Happiness even without hope; can you understand that? Paula, you don't know. Until today I didn't know. But do you see that you can't throw away a chance for the sort of happiness I'm talking about?"

"I can't hear any more," said the girl.

"You've got to hear more. It's pity—it's not more than pity that's drawing you toward Barron. He's my enemy, but I know he's a good fellow. There's a big heart in him and a good heart, too. But unless the real old music is in you, it's sin for you to marry him. There's such a purity of



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loveliness in you—not just the pretty face—but the spirit. You can't stain that—you can't commit sacrilege."

She was drawing back a little until she had touched one hand against the wall and she seemed to need that support.

"Ah," cried Ainlee, "but what have I said that's hurt you?"

"Nothing, Richard. But I can't—"

"There are tears in your eyes."

"They're not unhappiness."

"Is it because you understand what I've tried to say?"

"I think it is."

"Paula, does that mean you'll not go through with this horrible business?"

"It does mean that. I can't marry Johnny—after this!"

"Thank God!" said Ainlee, striding toward her.

"Don't come near me, Richard!"

"Why, Paula, what's the matter?" he asked. "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"No, it isn't fear."

Her eyes were closed and her head leaned back against the wall. He tried to speak, but the words stammered away into nothingness.

"Don't leave me," said the girl, and held out her hands to him. Slowly—the lifting of a finger could have stopped him at any moment—he took her in his arms. A warmth came out of her and entered his soul.

"I love you," said Ainlee, and in her body felt his words.

"It's like coming home," whispered the girl.

"We have to go," said he; and she answered from her happy trance, "Yes; we must go."

They went down the hall walking close together. It was all true. She was there. His arm was about her. The gold of her hair was close to his shoulder. He could feel her breathing beneath his hand. He had begun to live in two worlds instead of one.

"If Johnny comes back—hurry, Richard!" breathed the girl, suddenly rousing.

**T**HEY were at the entrance to the dining room when the kitchen door slammed heavily. The resounding voice of John Barron called out, "Here we are at last, Tubby! A pretty damned thick night. Hello, Paula! Where are you? Infernal car took a skid into a tree and cracked up. The Reverend Tilford got a few bumps and I had to carry him to a farmhouse. Damn the luck! What, Tubby? What are you saying?"

The girl was pulling at the hand of Ainlee. "Run!" she pleaded. "We can get through a back window—"

"I've got to see him," said Ainlee. "I won't sneak out."

But then he heard Barron shouting, "In her room? Up there now? What in hell do you mean?"

Barron came like a storm through the kitchen door, tearing off a great-coat and flinging it aside. After him appeared Tubby, calling out, "Hey, Mr. Barron! Hey, wait a minute, will you?"

Barron, lunging out from the dining room, stopped as he saw Ainlee.

In the background Tubby's fat face wore a smile of hungry joy. His hands were opening and closing. He was drawn forward in a pleasant hypnosis of expectation.

"What brought you here?" shouted Barron suddenly. "Paula, has this fellow been with you long?"

"John, will you listen?" she began.

"Tubby, I want to know how long the damned blackguard has been talking to my wife," said Barron.

"He's been quite a time, all right," said Tubby, with a grin.

The girl spoke: "Father and Aunt Sylvia are coming. They asked Richard to go on ahead of them—"

"Father—and Aunt Sylvia—and Richard," echoed Barron, making an imprecation of each name. "Richard sent ahead—for what?"

"To stop the outrage before you committed it, Barron," Ainlee said.

**T**HE girl went up to Barron. He took both her hands in one of his, holding them by the wrists and never shifting his glare from Ainlee.

"He's going to stop me from marrying you, I take it? Is that it?"

"You are stopped," said Ainlee.

"You've got me stopped, have you?" echoed Barron. "Tubby!"

"Yes, Mr. Barron," said the eager voice of Tubby.

"Lock the door. Let no one in. Not the devil himself!"

"If you are going to fly into a rage, John," said the girl, "what do you expect to come out of this?"

"I think I know what's coming out of this," answered Barron through his teeth. "He's been up there in your room, alone with my wife—"

"She's not your wife," broke in Ainlee.

"Ah—she's not? Ainlee, I suppose she's going to be yours, eh? Is that why you're here?"

"No, Richard! Don't speak!" exclaimed Paula.

Ainlee said slowly, "Yes, she'll be my wife."

"You sneaking— By hell!" groaned Barron. "I'll hear you say something now, Paula. Are you a rotten traitor, after all?"

She held out her hands to stop Barron, but an overmastering fear for Ainlee made her turn and glance at him. That was enough for Barron. He understood by that one look what the truth was.

He threw her hands away from him and made a long stride for Ainlee.

"John, listen to me, for God's sake!" said the girl. "I tried to love you and marry you. I tried to marry you without love. But I can't." Then she screamed, "Richard! Run! Don't stand there—he'll kill you—"

Barron swept the girl aside with a gesture that sent her staggering.

"That's one truth out of the mouth of a liar," said Barron. "As sure as there's a God I'm going to kill you."

"I knew you'd go mad and howl like a dog," said the perverse devil



that ruled the tongue of Ainlee. "I'm waiting for you, Barron."

"By hell, I can taste blood," said Barron in a strangely quiet voice. Ainlee saw the big body of John Barron sway for a blow; then through instinct, reinforced by a good bit of gymnasium boxing, slammed his fist into Barron's face. The hard knuckles spat home.

"Ah," said Barron, "that's good! That's damned good!"

There was a red mark on his face. Paula came in with a wordless scream. Barron swept her away with the thick beam of his arm. She struck a chair and fell. In the corner darkness, his face lighted by a grin as though by a lamp, stood Tubby, watching a second murder in Charlie's Tavern.

Then Barron came in again. It was easy to hit him. Ainlee did it twice with all his might; but that was like smashing at a thing of India rubber. The blows bounced off and Barron still came in, waiting, smiling a little, his fist poised. Then he struck. The blocking arm of Ainlee took the edge off the blow; it went home not like a sword but like a club on the side of the head, flinging him back against the wall. He tottered forward, all at sea, his arms dangling, and Barron lurched for him not with a fist but with open hands. There was still the smile on his face and murder in it, when out of the rear of the tavern came the strong voice of Sylvia Marsden: "Hello! Quick, somebody! Give us help here. Steady, Raymond! Watch your step!"

Barron gave back, groaning, and Ainlee got to Paula as she was rising. His head still rang, but the touch of her hands, clinging to him, cleared his wits.

He was able to say, "It's all right; it's all right." Then he saw Major Hartley come staggering through the doorway with Margie Windle in his arms and Sylvia helping to support the limp body.

THEY put her down on the couch near the fire. Her eyes were open but there was no sense in them.

"Get some brandy," said Sylvia Marsden to Tubby in a voice that was too quiet. She looked steadily at Paula and Ainlee. "You got here in time, Richard, I see. Johnny, the upper bridge is *not* down, after all. That's how we got here—and found Margie lying half in the water and half out where she'd tried to jump the creek after you, Richard. The bay horse was beside her. Our car is outside, Johnny. Take it and drive around by the upper bridge to Meredith. Get a doctor. Bring him back as fast as you can."

Barron thundered out suddenly, "Margie! Margie! Are you all right? Are you going to be all right?"

She gave him no answer.

Sylvia Marsden took Barron by the shoulders, but it was what she said that jerked him around:

"You've led us all up to the mouth

of hell, Johnny. Now do one decent thing."

Barron turned on Ainlee.

"Did Margie tell you?" he demanded.

"She told me," said Ainlee.

"Damn you, you repeated it to Paula!" shouted Barron.

"No, I didn't repeat it," said Ainlee.

"You didn't?" asked Barron, suddenly subdued, agape. "You didn't tell her—and still—I'll get the doctor!"

He rushed headlong out of the room as Tubby came in with the brandy.

Sylvia Marsden said to Ainlee, "There's no hope. She's broken her back. The best thing to wish is that she'll die without pain."

PAULA had filled a glass with brandy as the major said to her, "Paula—you haven't—I mean, darling, you haven't—you and Barron—" "No," she said. "I've only brought on this!"

Ainlee took the glass of brandy from her hand.

"I'll try to give it to her," he said.

Ainlee, on one knee, slipped his arm under the head of Margie.

"Margie!" he said.

The blankness of her eyes dissolved like night.

"Hello, Richard," she whispered. "That fool of a bay always needed a fifth leg. He went down with me when we were as good as over Tyndal Creek. We never school enough over water jumps."

She tried to raise herself on one elbow but sank back again at once.

"That isn't so good," she said, her eyes closed.

"Will you take this, Margie?" said Ainlee.

After she had swallowed she took a slow breath.

"Makes me an optimist all over again, Richard. Hello, Mrs. Marsden."

"Hello, Margie. How does it go?"

"I'm asleep from the hips down. What does that mean?"

"One of those ugly wrenches, my dear," said Sylvia Marsden.

"Rotten things," said the major. "I was laid up for a month with the very same thing."

"Ah!" said the girl. She looked straight up at Ainlee. "I've smashed up, haven't I?"

"You've only had a shock, Margie. That's all," said Paula.

"Ah!" answered Margie. "Did you run away so fast that he finally caught you? If I have to die, I hope you won't be in my sight all the way!"

"I won't be, Margie," said Paula, and drew back.

"That means she has you," said Margie to Ainlee. "No girl will give away anything unless she's sure. Tell me, Richard—it's all fixed, isn't it? You're going to marry her?"

"Yes," said Ainlee. "We're going to be married."

Sylvia Marsden and the major exclaimed softly—in the background. Margie had closed her eyes.



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"That's all right," she said. "I can take it."

She looked up again. "Paula, I hope you'll turn out like Sylvia Marsden. She was always my idea of the Number One woman of the world. But I did a bad job imitating her. I know you're a good sort, Paula. But do you mind something? Will you let me have Richard just now? It won't be long, I think."

"No, Margie. I want him to—" said Paula, beginning to weep. "I want him to make you happy—I mean—you have a greater right!"

"I have, you know," said Margie to Ainlee. "I tried to do something about you."

He kissed her lips.

"That wasn't very real," she said. "But second money is never big. Will you let me have another whack at that brandy?"

Sylvia Marsden brought and poured it. Ainlee held the glass while Margie whispered, "She's crying—about me! Why, that's almost worth dying for. And, Richard, what a heart you are—all white but smiling me on my way!"

She took the brandy and sighed.

"Will you tell me how it goes?" he asked her.

"Horribly cold," she said. "In the stomach, and the chill going higher. A numbness, sort of. You really want to know, don't you?"

"Yes," he said.

Tubby had come hurrying back with a blanket which Sylvia Marsden brought.

"Richard, you put it around me, will you?" asked Margie. "You understand, Mrs. Marsden?"

"Of course I do, dear," said Sylvia Marsden.

He drew the blanket around her carefully. Once or twice he saw that he hurt her, but she kept on smiling.

"Now a cigarette?" she asked.

He gave her one and lighted it.

"This is pretty much of all right," she said. "And, Richard, how did all this happen?"

SHE put out her hand toward his torn and bloodstained clothes.

"I fell off Scatter Gold," he answered.

"But she always jumps true and straight," said the girl.

"She jumped straight and true across Tyndal Creek, but I fell off like a fool—into a brier bush."

"That makes me think of Br'er Rabbit," said Margie. "And then, when you met Johnny?"

"It would have been as bad as possible, but you came in time to save me."

"Did I? Do you mean it?"

"I do mean it. He was pretty much out of hand. But you came in."

"Do you know what that means? It means that I'm not all a waste. Why, it makes me feel like God Almighty!—Richard, am I looking white and drawn and ugly?"

"You look beautiful to me. You'll always be beautiful," said Ainlee.

"Thank you, my dear," said Margie. "You know something I've been thinking about?"

"What, Margie?" said Ainlee gently.

"Tommy—don't you think he's a good little boy?"

"I want to have him," said Ainlee.

"Do you? Ah, God, how happy you can make me just with words! But suppose I hadn't had him—I mean, would you have felt differently about me, a little? That day in the tavern here—suppose that I'd been a good girl and all that—you know, just myself, rough and all—but clean and right—would that have made enough difference, Richard?"

"Tommy made me care all the more for you, Margie."

"Did he?—Will you kiss me once more?"

He kissed her and thought that her lips were already cold. The smile that began on them ended suddenly. He saw a change in her eyes like the dying of a light.

"Margie," he cried, "do you hear me? Margie!"

"Yes—" she whispered. But that was the end.

JOHN BARRON, mud-splattered, drawn of face, was back at Charlie's Tavern in the green gray of the dawn. Coming through the back entrance, he found Tubby drinking coffee in the kitchen.

"Well?" asked Barron.

Tubby swayed to his feet.

"She's dead," he answered.

"They've taken her upstairs. They're all up there."

Barron started on toward the next room but halted in the door.

"The doctor's coming straight on in his own car. Tell them that. And have you an automobile here?"

"I've got a sort of a thing you might call a car," said Tubby.

"Lend it to me," commanded Barron. "I'll send it back later on."

It was nearly sunup when he reached his house. Inside, he rang and a yawning butler appeared.

"Where's Wentworth?" asked Barron.

"Asleep, sir. Up in the guest wing."

"Get him down here," said Barron, and commenced to stride up and down in the hall.

Wentworth came in half dressed, a burly chunk of a fellow with a stress of muscle wrinkling his coat. He was not the only hanger-on who lived at Barron's table, on the backs of his horses, and a bit of his money.

"Jimmy," said Barron, "you took a shot at Ainlee yesterday."

"Maybe I should of, but I didn't. Who's been telling you yarns?"

Barron caught him by the lapels of his coat.

"Tell me the truth, damn you!"

"Wait a minute. By gad, chief, you said you wished that Ainlee was in hell."

"You did it?"

"I only—" stammered Wentworth.

Barron stepped back reluctantly. "Get out and never come back," he said. "You've smashed my life to bits!"



Wentworth slunk through the door and closed it very softly behind him. Barron ordered a car from his garage and drove to Jorham, with the wet landscape all flaming under the sun. When he got to Margie Windle's cottage he found Tommy in the front yard dragging a train of cars with a short chugging step. Tommy had pulled on trousers; his nightgown did a good deal of irregular billowing.

"Hey Johnny, where's mummy?" asked the boy.

"Your mummy has gone away on a long trip."

"She wouldn't go away without kissing me good-by."

"She didn't want to wake you up," said Barron.

He took Tommy by the hand into the house. On the hall rack hung a battered old tan riding hat that he remembered. The house was dark and damp and cold. In Tommy's room he found stockings and shoes, a small straw hat, several suits hung neatly in the closet.

"Hey, but how am I going to get along up here without mummy?" asked the boy.

"You're to come and live with me," said Barron.

"No!" said Tommy. "No, I won't!"

"You won't? What about the black pony, then?"

"I don't want no black pony. I want mummy."

"There's the white pony, too."

"All white?" asked Tommy.

"All white silk. He's going to ask for Tommy. Give me your other foot."

He was dressing Tommy carefully.

THEN automobile brakes groaned softly outside the house. After a moment Ainlee stood at the bedroom door.

"Hey—hello!" said Tommy. "Hello, Mr. Ainlee. Where'd you get the patch on your face?"

"I had a fall," said Ainlee.

"Looks like somebody went and whanged you," said Tommy.

"You finish up the dressing," said Barron.

He walked out into the hall and faced Ainlee.

"Did you come up here to get him? Did she ask you to take him?" demanded Barron.

"Yes," said Ainlee.

Barron leaned a hand against the wall and paused.

"Well, that's that," he said.

"Do you want him, though?" asked Ainlee.

Barron said nothing.

"I'll be glad to have him. I'm fond of him," said Ainlee. "But Margie would have been happier to think of

him in a house where he belonged."

"Would she?" asked Barron, lifting his head slowly.

"She would, I'm sure."

"Will you tell me something? How was it at the end?"

"There wasn't any pain. It was quick and easy."

Ainlee added: "Suppose that you and I take care of Tommy together?"

"God knows that I'm not fit to raise a child. Suppose he lives with me—I'll adopt him; I'll give him my name because it belongs to him. But you can be a friend to him. Will that work?"

"It will," said Ainlee.

FOR two days Ainlee tried to persuade the major to move back into Hartley Hall, but Paula's father was adamant.

"You could persuade me," said the major, "but the stubborn devil in Sylvia says that it would be sponging. We'll be close neighbors."

However, the three Hartleys were all up for tea on this afternoon and found their host late; for Ainlee was out across country with Carrick, learning something of the fine art of flying Scatter Gold across the fences. When he got back to the Hall, hurrying on account of the hour, he met Sylvia Marsden in the hall.

"We didn't mind you being late," she said. "Saunders served us and a man who showed up from New York to see you. I've got to hurry away. Johnny asked me to come down and give him some advice about turning an upstairs suite into a playroom for Tommy."

Ainlee went into the library and found A. E. Tolman.

An hour later Tolman left. Ainlee went back into the library to find Paula.

She looked up at him, saying, "Tolman-Granger want you back?"

"Yes, they want me."

"Are you going, Richard?"

"Yes. It will add my old life to the new one."

"Am I to go to the city with you?"

"Not while there are airplanes to take me back and forth from work to happiness. Shall we talk about it in the garden?"

Scatter Gold, tossing up her head in the pasture, located their voices and whinnied. They went toward her.

Ainlee's glance roved across the spring afternoon to Meredith, shining through the ground mist, and the blue-white of the lake, and the flight of thin clouds across the northern hills. Beyond them the old life was waiting for him, but he knew that he could never be housed in it completely again.

THE END

## Answer to Airplane Puzzle on Page 16

There were thirteen planes in that race. You see, as it was around a circular course there were just as many planes in front of Jimmy Tailspin as there were behind him! A third of the number of planes in the race minus one—Jimmy's—plus three quarters of the number of planes in the race minus one gives you the number of planes. Thirteen is the only number that will satisfy those conditions.

# CORNS



## INSTANT, SAFE, SURE RELIEF!

New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Sore Toes instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure; soothe and heal; prevent sore toes and blisters; ease new or tight shoes, and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses.



## New SKINTEX Covering

*De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the marvelous new, velvety soft, flesh color *Skintex* covering which does not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Hides foot blemishes. Get a box today at your drug, dept. or shoe store.

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WATERPROOF

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# Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists, 35c, 60c and \$1.



# zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



## COLONEL HOUSE JOINS LIBERTY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I noted with great pleasure in your December 22 issue that Colonel Edward M. House is to be contributing editor of Liberty. This is an extremely wise move. Colonel House is unquestionably one of the rare American statesmen intimately familiar with world affairs. Both Liberty and Colonel House are to be congratulated.—*Herman Bernstein [Noted Author and War Correspondent]*.

BOSTON, MASS.—Liberty is fortunate in securing Colonel Edward M. House as contributing editor for foreign affairs. Having followed all of his writings both before President Wilson's passing and after, I know of no other who would please his followers and the general public as well.—*E. M. Jacobs, Boston Garden Corporation*.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Colonel Edward M. House is in my opinion a very honest man. Just before the World War he very clearly saw the European situation.—*Rudolph Seibert*.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA.—International alliances and animosities are certainly more than paper talk, and the article by Colonel Edward M. House in December 22 Liberty, Is England Forming an Alliance with Japan? presents possibilities that should be vital to Americans.

Both countries have much in common commercially, and Japan wants a bigger navy to protect her commerce. There is still a surprising amount of piracy on the China seas. Yet no matter how large a navy any country may build, in case of war the biggest navy will be absolutely at the mercy of the man in the sky. So why worry about a navy?—*Percy C. Griffiths*.

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Colonel House in his December 22 Liberty article hurriedly passes over the fact that practically nobody wants war, and on this score he was not very helpful. What the people want to know is how to prevent war, not how to prepare for it.—*F. B. Williams*.

## RURAL WAIL

RURAL HALL, N. C.—I am pent up down here in this little Southern town, and it's real hell if I don't get my Liberty each week.—*Robert E. Guinn*.

## WHO IS HUEY LONG?

UPPER DARBY, PA.—A charming Englishwoman visiting this country recently inquired of me, "Who is Huey Long?" Now, Vox Pop, I ask you: How could any one possibly explain the inexplicable Kingfish to one who had never heard of him?—*Mary Zirkle*.

## IS KANSAS WET?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—"Repeal Is Already a Failure!" says F. Scott McBride in December 15 Liberty. It is the old cry of the self-appointed minority raised against the overwhelming majority. One speculates on the mental processes of those who have elected to themselves a mission to order the lives of others.

Mr. McBride urges return of the prohibition law forcing the nation not to

drink. Why not a law forcing F. Scott McBride to take a drink? There would be right on both sides, yet the Anti-Saloon League leader would be horrified at such an injustice.—*F. Burr Cramer, Insurance*.

SALINA, KAN.—F. Scott McBride is all wet. Kansas recently voted dry, but it is not and never has been dry.—*J. W. D.*

## VOX AS YOU WILL AND POP AS YOU LIKE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Is Vox Pop a space allowed for the use of the readers to say what they think of your magazine and its authors, or to say what they think of each other?—*J. A.*

## BOSS-RIDDEN SLAVES

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I was profoundly impressed by the excellent logic in How to Bring Peace on Earth, by H. G. Wells, and Jay Franklin's A New Party—Not a Third Party, both in December 29 Liberty. War is a form of disease and Wells treated it as such.

The one fault to be found with Jay Franklin's suggestions for a new party—not a third party—is that the old party demagogues have held the lash over their boss-ridden slaves for so long, it is doubtful if the latter could be weaned away.—*R. F. Williams*.

## THOSE FIRST TWO ENGINES

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—The latest suggestion of Japan is 5—4—4 naval parity. I wonder if the Americans were wrong in selling the Japs those first two locomotives? That's what really got them started.—*Bruce May*.

## RE: SENATOR BRANDYWINE

HIGH POINT, N. C.—The blanket indictment of Southern industry by "Senator Brandywine, State of Suspense," in December 29 Vox Pop, is so outrageously unreasonable, it reads like a report from the chairman of a communistic committee.

It would seem that the Senator interviewed a federal relief investigator who had just returned to Washington from North Carolina. It would be interesting to learn who sent this so-called investigator to North Carolina, and for what purpose.

I have heard of women fainting occasionally, and men do sometimes pass out with heart failure. But the fainting spells and heart failures are not confined to mill workers.

"Conditions in the mill towns are ghastly beyond belief," the firebrand Senator wrote. "Whole populations going feeble-minded and insane from pellagra," he claimed.

And while his hell's brew seems to be pointing directly at North Carolina, he includes the entire Southland in his rabid indictment.

The sick and destitute are always among us, and a few feeble-minded individuals may be found in spots also. But I dare say this is true in the North, East, West—and even in the Brandywine State of Suspense—as well as the South.—*C. B. Overman, Real-Estate Broker and Appraiser*.

# Vox

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—"Senator Brandywine" is either nuts or trying to be funny. There was not a grain of truth to his statements. I know textile mills that pay twenty-five to forty dollars a week, depending on the amount of cloth turned out, and even the janitors get fifteen dollars a week. All mills pay according to their ability, as do concerns in other lines of industry.—*R. E. H.*

## FORGOT SILENT CAL

MONTREAL, QUE.—Question 18 in December 8 Twenty Questions was: What United States Presidents have gone abroad while in office? The answer was, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. In 1928 Calvin Coolidge, while in office, went to Havana to attend the Pan-American Conference.—*P. L. Ancha*.

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Will Liberty please make its Twenty Questions a little bit easier, so that a common ordinary person will have some chance of answering them?—*J. B. Cook*.

## DID UPTON TALK TOO MUCH?

QUINCY, ILL.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, The New Deal Wins—But How About Government Ownership? in December 22 Liberty, somewhat balances out the conclusions at which he arrived. Sinclair was not defeated in California because of his New Deal ideas. In fact those ideas could not well be labeled New Deal.

If Sinclair had not talked and written so much in the past, he would have been elected. His violent utterances defeated him, not his so-called socialistic ideas. His attack on religion was the deciding factor. The so-called Ohio Plan, much advocated, bears the earmarks of Sinclair.—*C. L. Reid, Reid Motor Supply Co.*

PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIF. — In his December 22 editorial I believe that Bernarr Macfadden was "all wet" about the lesson of the California election. The people of this country do not want government ownership particularly. They want government control of the profit system.—*Royal Bailey*.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—When Sinclair lost out it was not a defeat of government in business. It was a personal defeat because Sinclair criticized the churches.—*Anon.*

## CHURCH IN ROYAL OAK

ROYAL OAK, MICH.—In the first installment of The Amazing Career of Father Coughlin (December 15 Liberty) Edward Doherty wrote that the Klan boasted there hadn't been a Catholic church in Royal Oak in a hundred years. Let me say that Royal Oak has had a Catholic church continuously for more than seventy-five years.—*Lynn S. Miller, Editor, the Daily Tribune*.



# Pop

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—When I moved to Royal Oak in 1880, there was a Catholic church about a mile and a half east of the present site of the Church of the Little Flower. A new church was built a few years later.—*N. Asa Addiss.*

## SCHNOZZLE

SIoux CITY, IA.—Leslie Thrasher's cover for December 22 Liberty needs explaining. How could he have conceived of a beautiful maiden weeping purple tears and wagging her gorgeous ears over Jimmy Durante's five-jointed snout?—*H. L. Williams.*

## COWBOYS WITHOUT A PASTURE

LUBBOCK, TEX.—The radio is overrun with cowboys. Turn to any station and you hear singing cowboys, yodeling cowboys, rambling cowboys, lonesome cowboys. You'd think you were in a cow pasture.

But you can't blame the cowboys. Since Uncle Sam has gone into the business of shooting cattle, they've got no other way of making a living.—*J. B. J.*

## ONE WOMAN WHO TRIED IT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After reading Rose Heylbut's Women in Business, in December 29 Liberty, let me tell my experience:

I work in the Eastern office of a Western firm. Came the day when our president came to town. I wished to make a good impression. I put on my jersey tailored jacket with white blouse, plaid cloth skirt, oxfords, and tortoise-shell specs. No "joolry" and very little make-up. The president was polite, distant, and uninterested. He scarcely noticed me.

Being a very "female woman," I decided to experiment.

The very next day I came to work in a very fashionable but simple black crêpe with a most flattering neckline, left off the glasses, wore sheer hose and pretty pumps, one bracelet, one ring, one string of crystal beads, used more make-up and a "leetle" superb perfume. Zowie, how it worked!

No, he didn't try to date me. He wasn't that kind of man.

But he was most attentive, flattering, and asked me to come into the inside office and sit down and chat.

Phooey on your straight business manner and dull-looking business women!—*Charlotte E. Hurd.*

## THE FLATTERY OF IMITATION

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I particularly like Liberty's good variety of short short stories. Other magazines seem to be taking up the idea, too.—*Mrs. D. J. Currie.*

## A CORRECTION — ST. PAUL WANTS JOHN HAMILTON

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — Liberty's statement that John Hamilton is wanted in Minneapolis for harboring Dillinger is erroneous. He is wanted in St. Paul for this crime.

Please publish this correction, as it is a reflection on our fair city.—*Erickson & Erickson, Attorneys.*

## RED FLANNELS OR SILK UNDIES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—How could any woman's morals be weakened by wearing silk underwear? I refer to the letter of Mrs. Lydia Reynolds in December 22 Vox Pop, headed Winter Flannels. Her contention is that girls who wear silk undies should be spanked, and she added that since "common-sense red-flannel drawers" were good enough for her grandmother, they're good enough for her also.

Some people never seem to progress.—*Mrs. J. Martinez.*

LANCASTER, PA.—If Mrs. Reynolds was serious in her protest against silk underwear, it is fortunate for her that silkworms are dumb.—*Ruth Hoffer.*

REEDSPORT, ORE.—Why not let Mrs. Reynolds wear her red flannels, if she prefers them? But surely she can't expect every one else to wear what she likes.—*M. A.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I was much impressed by Mrs. Lydia Reynolds's letter. It seems to me she struck at the basic cause for the present deplorable moral degeneration. Women should go back to their grandmothers' day and regain their equilibrium on proper wearing apparel.—*R. F. W.*

IMPERIAL BEACH, CALIF.—How can Mrs. Reynolds know about the demoralizing effect of silk underwear if she never wore it? Evil is to him (or her in this case) who thinks evil.—*Unlace and Live.*

## SCREECHING VIOLINS

VICTORIA, B. C.—I agree with Jock of Edmonton in December 1 Vox Pop that listening to a radio crooner is not the most highly educational type of entertainment.

But when a man wants to obliterate anything other people enjoy he is slightly narrow-minded.

Admittedly there must be a great number of "not too bright" people in this world.

Yet while the more intellectual people, of whom I presume Jock is one, are being entertained by the screeching of violins or the blaring of bugles, what does he think these "not too bright" people are going to do?—*Bob Wallace.*

## SHEEP KILLERS

GOWANSTOWN, ONT.—I heartily indorse the action of several municipalities in Ontario in imposing a heavy tax on police dogs. These dogs are sheep killers and, more than any other canine breed, are inclined sometimes to attack people. If people want large dogs, why don't they select those that are more amiable and less destructive?—*Elton Nickel.*

## OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

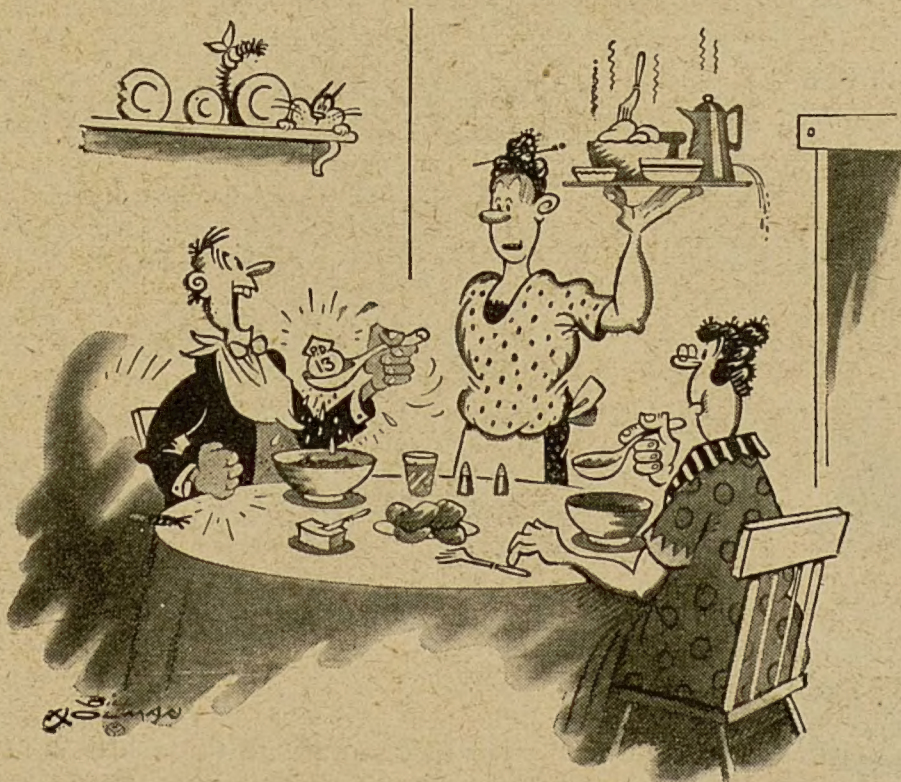
CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Permit me to register my personal O. K., with an added "Amen," to O. A. Brown's suggestion in December 22 Vox Pop anent "the country's real mad dogs—certain international bankers and grafting politicians."

Only with the passing on of the present generation will faith in banks and bankers be restored. Perhaps if bankers were compelled to suffer loss of their homes and other possessions by forced sale to satisfy depositors' claims and other demands, as are those engaged in other legitimate enterprises, it might tend to temper their discretion in the handling of other people's money.—*Fred E. K. Neale.*

## ANANIAS?

BOISE, IDA.—I share in the amusement of E. L. M. of Fort William, Ontario (December 22 Vox Pop) at the use of the word "smart" by Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Gibson in characterizing his claim that he solves Liberty Cross Word Puzzles in an average of eight minutes.—*E. W. P.*

GREENVILLE, OHIO — I'm just wondering if E. L. M., who claimed he solves Ted Shane's Cockeyed Puzzles in eight minutes, ever heard of what happened to a gent named Ananias.—*Charles I. Gordon, Secretary-Treasurer, the Ohio Racing Association.*



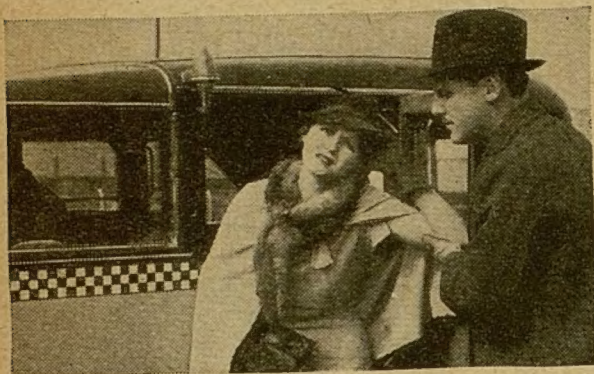
"Keep that cop out of the kitchen during dinner time!"



# No need for headaches to spoil your fun!



MISS J. C. D. . . . whose date book is always filled . . . went to the movies in the afternoon. Her eyes began to hurt; her head to throb . . .



but she knows from experience that a Bromo-Seltzer saves many a splitting headache. Right after the show she orders one . . .



and that night she feels fine. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only relieved her throbbing head but calmed and relaxed her nervous strain.

Bromo-Seltzer is like a prescription. It is the balanced headache relief and contains 5 medicinal ingredients. Promptly relieves the headache itself . . . its distressing after-effects . . . and often, too, its cause.

Bromo-Seltzer brings you extra benefits. Calms, relaxes. Supplies alkali to combat acidity. Refreshes you. A standby for over 40 years, it contains no narcotics; doesn't upset the stomach. Effective after the fizz stops as well as while it's fizzing. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Maryland and Bromo-Seltzer, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



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WJZ Blue network . . . every Friday 8:30 P. M., E. S. T.—7:30 C. S. T.—9:30 M. S. T.—8:30 P. C. T.

## C O N T E N T S

|                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Editorial . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                       | 4                               |
| Beginning                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                 |
| Getaway Money . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                   | ELMER DAVIS 6                   |
| <i>A sparkling novel of things as they are in 1935—The lively adventures of a once-rich girl in search of a still-rich husband</i>                                                                        |                                 |
| The Red Bugaboo . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                 | H. L. MENCKEN 13                |
| <i>Presenting the credo of one who thinks the Moscow menace is considerably exaggerated</i>                                                                                                               |                                 |
| Twenty Questions . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                | 17                              |
| One Chance in a Hundred—A story                                                                                                                                                                           | EDISON MARSHALL 18              |
| New Ears for Old . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                | RUPERT HUGHES 24                |
| <i>Fifteen million Americans are hard of hearing and most of them are ashamed of it!—Let's put an end to the strange, mad nonsense of treating it as a disgrace, says the author, who is one of them.</i> |                                 |
| When the Door Shut—A short short story                                                                                                                                                                    | ROGER BURLINGAME 29             |
| Swift, Sentimental, Sketchy—Movie reviews                                                                                                                                                                 | BEVERLY HILLS 30                |
| Passport to Hell—Part III . . . .                                                                                                                                                                         | JAMES WARNER BELLAH 34          |
| Good Books . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                      | OLIVER SWIFT 40                 |
| Have Women Made Good in Congress?                                                                                                                                                                         | MAXINE DAVIS 41                 |
| <i>Here's a penetrating look at some feminine legislators which may help you to judge for yourself</i>                                                                                                    |                                 |
| Facts Slightly Garbled—A story . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                  | DICK WILLIAMS 44                |
| To the Ladies! . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                  | PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 49 |
| Cross Word Puzzle . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                               | 50                              |
| \$2,000 Game of Cities Contest . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                  | 51                              |
| Name Your Price—Conclusion . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                      | MAX BRAND 52                    |
| Vox Pop . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                         | 60                              |

Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

## HITLER'S COMING DOOM

A new series of revelations

By

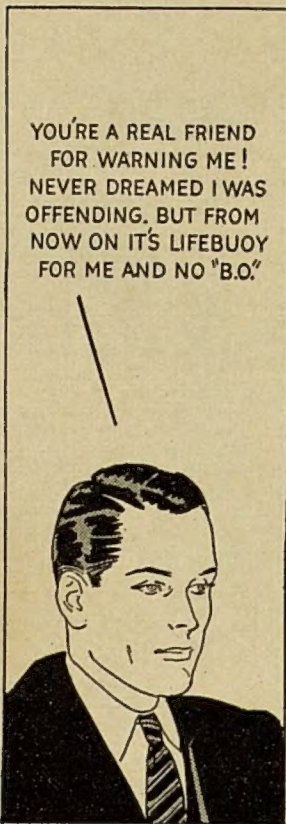
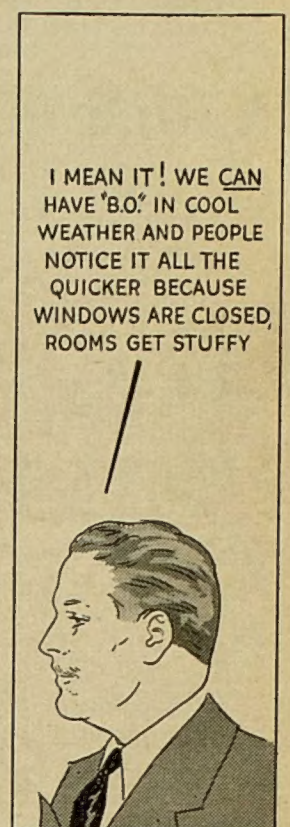
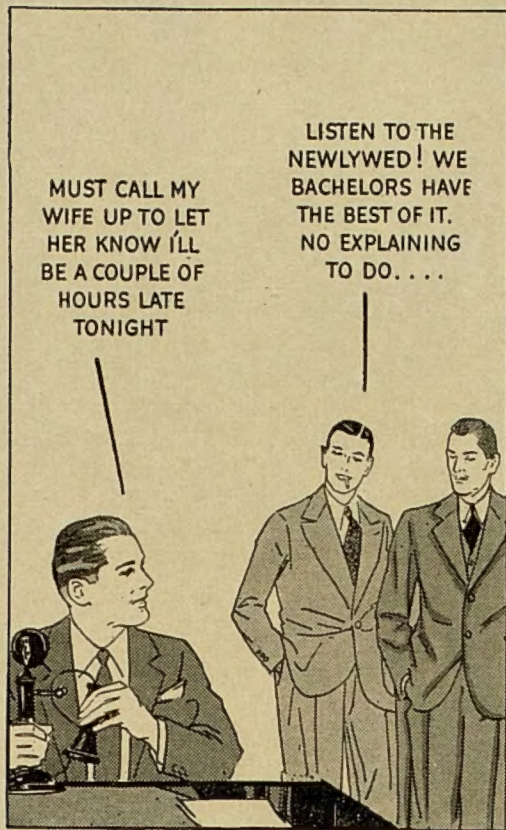
Princess Catherine Radziwill

## LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Other stories and articles by Elmer Davis, Channing Pollock, William Moulton Marston, Frazier Hunt, and others



# WHY HE WAS A BACHELOR





HOW MANY MEN HAVE TOLD YOU YOU HAVE A GORGEOUS COMPLEXION?



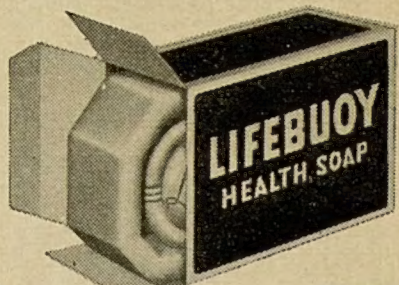
DOZENS— SINCE I STARTED USING LIFEBOUY

SEEK no farther for the ideal complexion soap. You have it in Lifebuoy! Its bland, creamy lather is so mild, so gentle and kind to the skin. Yet it cleanses deeply, thoroughly—riding pores of clogged impurities that cloud the skin, coaxing back fresh, healthy radiance to dull, lifeless complexions.

**"B.O." this weather? CERTAINLY!**

Even on coldest days we still perspire. Our pores give off a quart of odorous waste daily. Play safe with "B.O." (body odor)—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water—*purifies* pores—stops "B.O." Its pleasant, hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy *protects!*

*Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*



## TAKING THE OFFICE "BLUEBEARD" FOR A RIDE...



### Why Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather gives cleaner, smoother shaves

YOU can't beat Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for clean, smooth, lasting shaves. Its 52% "moister" lather soaks the toughest whiskers soft. Lifebuoy lather is mild, too—over 20% milder than other leading shaving soaps—soothes tender skin.

Send for **FREE** trial tube. Try it. Write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-121, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. (This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)



**120 TO 150 SHAVES**  
IN THE BIG FULL SIZED TUBE





We will give

\$15,000 IN CASH FREE

A TOTAL OF 1177 CASH PRIZES!

## for a NAME for "RADIO'S NAMELESS MYSTERY BABY"

Who Will Play A Very Important Part in the  
Famous "BETTY AND BOB" Radio Show

\$10,000.00 GRAND FIRST PRIZE

|                      |                    |                      |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| 2nd . . . \$1,500.00 | 7th . . . \$150.00 | 12th . . . \$10.00   |
| 3rd . . . 1,000.00   | 8th . . . 100.00   | 13th . . . 7.00      |
| 4th . . . 500.00     | 9th . . . 75.00    | 14th . . . 5.00      |
| 5th . . . 250.00     | 10th . . . 25.00   | 15th to 1177th       |
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Contest Run Solely To Induce  
Women To More Quickly Adopt  
This More Truly Economical  
Baking Method

To show you how a penny or two more spent  
for GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—  
even on a single baking—can save you up to  
a dollar and more is part of the purpose  
of this \$15,000 Cash Prize Contest.

Why GOLD MEDAL is more truly economical  
is illustrated perfectly by the following let-  
ter to Betty Crocker from Mrs. Josephine  
Cooper, 1315 Market Street, Lima, Ohio:

"Like a great many people I tried cheaper  
flour to save money. But I find out that  
not only was I cheating myself but my fam-  
ily by so many baking failures.

"One in particular was disastrous. A cer-  
tain kind of nut cake my family love. I  
made it with the cheaper flour and I was too  
ashamed to put it on the table. I know now  
I lost 62c on that cake.

"I also know that I need only have spent  
8/10c more to use GOLD MEDAL 'Kitchen-  
tested' Flour for the 2½ cups the recipe  
called for. But if I had, I would not have  
lost the 62c."

Remember—this is your opportunity to win  
one of 1177 cash prizes amounting to \$15,000  
in cash. Use entry blank at right. Act today.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY  
of General Mills, Inc.,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Betty Crocker



"RADIO'S NAMELESS MYSTERY  
BABY," dressed in a GOLD MEDAL  
"Kitchen-tested" Flour sack, sitting in  
a market basket—a beautiful golden-  
haired, blue-eyed, peaches-and-cream-  
complexioned little baby girl about 10  
months old, was discovered by Betty  
and Bob Drake, principals of the  
famous BETTY AND BOB Radio  
Program, when they answered the  
doorbell about midnight on Christ-  
mas Eve. In the basket was also found  
a toy bunny. And around the little  
girl's right wrist was a bracelet of tiny

gold bangles, each bangle representing  
a flower. Other than that no clue  
existed to the identity of "Radio's  
Nameless Mystery Baby."  
Where is the woman, the man, for that  
matter, to whose mind does not in-  
stantly flash a fitting name for this  
sweet, precious little waif of a winter  
night? To find a suitable name for use  
on the radio, we offer \$10,000 in cash  
as the first of 1177 prizes amounting  
to \$15,000. Why don't you enter and  
win? Read "Pointers on making up a  
winning name."

## Pointers On Making Up a WINNING NAME



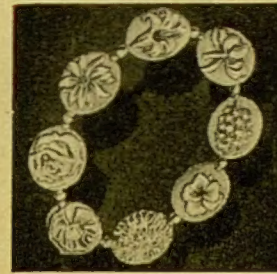
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Drake,  
"Betty and Bob" to mil-  
lions, would like to keep  
"Radio's Nameless Mystery  
Baby."



George and Jane Hartford,  
childless, would like to adopt  
"Radio's Nameless Mystery  
Baby."



Found in the market basket  
with "Radio's Nameless  
Mystery Baby" was her only  
toy—the Bunny shown above.



"Radio's Nameless Mystery  
Baby's" bracelet. Eight ban-  
gles represent a rose, lily,  
violet, daisy, aster, iris,  
poppy, hyacinth.

● \$10,000 is the amount of the first of 1177  
prizes totaling \$15,000 in cash which we  
will pay to find a fitting name for "Radio's  
Nameless Mystery Baby." What we want  
is a name for this nameless little waif of  
winter who will play an important part in  
the Betty and Bob program, radio's most  
popular daytime sketch. Somebody is  
going to think of an original, unique, apt  
name which the judges agree is admirably  
suited to "Radio's Nameless Mystery  
Baby"—it might as well be you. Read the  
following helpful hints on making up a  
name.

"Radio's Nameless Mystery Baby" is  
about 10 months old, has golden hair, blue  
eyes and a happy disposition. She was  
clad in a dress made from a GOLD MEDAL  
"Kitchen-tested" Flour sack. She had a  
gold bracelet made up of bangles rep-  
resenting a rose, lily, violet, daisy, aster,  
iris, poppy, hyacinth. She came in a mar-  
ket basket. And was left on Christmas

Eve on Betty and Bob's doorstep. They  
would like to keep this darling little gold-  
en-haired, blue-eyed baby girl as their  
own. Childless George and Jane Hartford  
want to adopt her.

Now in selecting the name you want to  
enter in the contest, remember that what  
is wanted is an apt name. One that is  
original and unique. Yet which can be  
used on the radio. You may think a simple  
name best, like "Susan." Or you may feel  
a name like "Foundling Frances" is an apt  
description. Or you may favor a name  
like "Gloria Mae Anne." (Of course, the  
foregoing names, in either your or the  
judges' opinion, may not be suitable. They  
are merely given as examples. Moreover,  
the foregoing names will not be awarded  
prizes as stated in the rules.)

In thinking up a name, you may find a  
dictionary a great help. Then too, myths  
are a good source. So is the Bible. Books  
and plays may suggest a good name. Per-

haps some event in the news, in the life of  
a friend, in your own life will suggest a  
name to you.

But where is the woman, the man, or the  
child whose heart cannot tell a name for  
this nameless little waif of a winter night  
—"Radio's Nameless Mystery Baby"?  
Write it down. And—don't make the mis-  
take of thinking it's too simple, or it's not  
good enough—send it in. Let the judges  
decide.

### If You Think You Can't Win—Read This

Dear Betty Crocker:  
I am 12 years old. I never thought I could  
win a prize. But I was very glad to get your  
check for winning a  
prize in your contest.  
I needed the money.  
GOLD MEDAL "Kitch-  
en-tested" Flour is  
good flour. I do the  
baking. I never have  
failures.  
AGNES C. DRISCOLL  
Oct. 15, 1934



ENTRY To Win \$10,000 in Cash Entry Must Be  
BLANK Postmarked Before Midnight, Feb. 17, 1935

- RULES:**
1. Write clearly or print name you enter. Also, your name and address.
  2. A sales slip or receipt showing your purchase of a sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour must be sent (pin it on) with the name you enter to make it eligible to win. (If you want to send more than one name, print each on a separate sheet of paper. A separate sales slip showing another purchase of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour must be sent with EACH additional name entered.)
  3. The envelope containing your entry must be postmarked on or before midnight, Sunday, February 17, 1935. (Send immediately to facilitate early judging.)
  4. A name may consist of one or more words, singly or in combination. These may be proper names, nouns, or adjectives, etc. Originality, uniqueness and aptness will be considered by the judges in reaching their decision. The judges shall determine the procedure to be followed in reaching their decision, and the decision of the judges or a majority of them on all matters pertaining to the contest shall be final and binding. Judges are: Professor Lloyd D. Herrold, Northwestern University; Mrs. William B. Walrath, Founder and Managing Director of The Cradle, Evanston, Ill.; Miss E. Evelyn Grumbine of Child Life.
  5. Prize winners will be notified as soon as possible after this contest closes. No entries returned. Sponsor reserves the right to use or not to use any name submitted in the contest, whether a prize winner or not. In case of more than one entry of a prize-winning name, duplicate prizes will be awarded to all persons duly certified by the judges to have properly entered such prize-winning name, in the same identical form, in the contest.
  6. Contest limited to the continental limits of the U. S. A. No employees of General Mills, nor members of their families, nor their advertising agencies, are eligible to enter.
  7. The names used for examples and quoted above will not be accepted. However, the use of any of these names, or any portion thereof, in combination with other names or words is permitted.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Dept. L1-26

(Print name you enter here)

In accordance with rules, above is the name I enter in the  
"Radio's Nameless Mystery Baby" Naming Contest. And  
attached is a sales slip or receipt showing my purchase of a  
sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour.\*

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

City.....State.....

Please check which: I am a ☐ New, An ☐ Old user of GOLD  
MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

\*No special size—simply buy whatever size you usually buy.  
Contest limited to continental limits of U. S. A. 3505-T



Eventually

Why Not Now?



When you want a de-  
licious cake or pastry,  
or any kind of bread,  
remember the *easiest*  
way of all is to order  
it from your grocer  
or your baker direct.  
Your baker today,  
with truly profes-  
sional skill, trans-  
forms wheat, our out-  
standing energy food,  
into delicious, nutri-  
tious foods for your  
table. Abundant en-  
ergy, such as these  
baked wheat foods  
give, is essential to  
Vitality. Thus, your  
baker provides your  
family with "BREAD  
ENERGY FOR  
VITALITY!"

